National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. Without Concealment---Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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NORRIS, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

The writer of the following letter is, or has been, a contributor to the *Agriculturist*, a monthly journal published in this city. We trust there are not many farmers in the Northern States who will not repudiate such a man as their teacher, and as a champion, as we presume he professes to be, of the rights of the tillers of the soil. He, the champion of the enslavement of the laborer!

A FEW QUESTIONS TO MY NORTHERN BRETHREN.

Messrs. Editors: Being a native and resident of the North, and only a traveller in the Southern States, I feel privileged to inquire of that portion of my fellow-citizens who are so bitter in their enmity to the institution of Slavery, what is your object? To many of you I am known as a writer of some candor and truthfulness, though mostly confined to agricultural subjects, from which I would not now deviate, only in the hope that whatever light I might be able to give, will add a mite to guide us through the threatening darkness, that unless soon dispelled, will assuredly dissolve this, to me, much loved Union of the States of my native land.

First then: Is that your object? Do you earnestly desire dissolution? If so, why not say so at once? If that is not your object, what is it? What do you propose, in case you can effect the abolition of Slavery in all the States? Is it to benefit the negro race, or is it to wreak vengeance upon those who hold them? If it is the former, I have only to give my opinion, after a long and careful investigation of the whole subject, and more extended travel and better opportunity to make observations than has probably fallen to any other Northern man, that no evil of so fearful import could fall upon the whole mass of the negroes of the South this day, as to free them from the control of their masters.

Take, then, as a whole, with very, very few exceptions, and they are the best fed, best clothed, best housed, best provided for in sickness, infancy and old age, and lightest worked, of any of the laboring class in the world.

And more than that, they enjoy the great object, end and aim of life, in a higher degree than you yourselves do, for they are more contented, cheerful and happy, and never repine or sigh for liberty, and, in point of morality, nay, religion, they excel any of the lower orders of any country; and their masters, instead of being the monsters that you deem them, are as well beloved by their slaves as you are by your hirelings; ah! more, by your children!

I could name hundreds of instances, where I have seen marks of the strongest ties of affection, and where the death of the master or mistress would produce more real distress among the negroes than would the loss of any of their own number. It is a solemn fact, that Slavery as it is generally understood at the North, does not exist at the South.

Nowhere have I ever seen any exercise of that wanton cruelty so often described. Whipping or other punishment is like Tubal's account of his pursuit of Shylock's daughter. "I often come within hearing of her but never saw her"—and so it is with cruelty to negroes. It is often heard of at the North, but never seen at the South. I have often heard persons express the greatest apprehension and dread of the negroes, and they could hardly believe me when I have told them with what perfect fearlessness of all insurrectionary movements I have travelled and dwelt among them. Even now, at this present writing, I am upon a rice plantation, thirty miles from Charleston, and isolated from neighbors, where there are upwards of 200 slaves, and about half a dozen whites, including women and children, occupying two houses, as open and free of access as a New England farm house, and as free from all fear of being disturbed by the negroes, as the owner of that farm house is of his own children. No servants in public or private houses in any of the Free States are so trustworthy, or so kind and respectful, as these "poor miserable slaves." And why should they not be? for here a negro is treated with kindness and respect, but as a negro, and not elevated to the level of a white man. How is it at the North? There he is constantly told that in everything but his color he is equal to his "white brother," but in all their actions the said white brothers take care to impress it upon the "man of color" that he is not a white man, and never will be treated as one. The consequence is he is discontented and unhappy, and sighing for freedom from his degraded position in society ten times more earnestly than slaves sigh for freedom in the South.

Why then would you abolish—not Slavery, as you view it, for it is not here—but the condition of things that enables a few whites to superintend and manage a large number of negroes, and cause them to labor and provide for their own comfortable support, in a far better manner than they would do if freed from that superintendence and management of a superior mind?

Abolish it you cannot. Change it you may, but only to put it in a worse form. The rice swamps of South Carolina, and the sugar fields of Louisiana, and the broad acres of cotton in all the Southern States, that never have been cultivated by any but negro laborers, never will be; and there, as long as these lands continue to be cultivated, the negro will be a slave to the white owner, call him by what name you will; *and never will his condition be better than it is now.*

Why then will you continue to agitate the subject, unless you are determined to dissolve the Union? You have called, and are daily calling, as good men as ever lived, by all the vile names that the copiousness and billingsgate of the English language can furnish, merely because he calls the negro slave, instead of "brother," until you have goaded their high born spirits to the last point of forbearance; and unless you cease the irritation that you have so long persevered in, the days of this Union are numbered. "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

I write to you in the spirit of brotherly kindness, to beg of you to pause and reflect. I have no interest to prompt me to advocate the cause of the South, but I know her people well: and more noble sons of America do not breathe; none that possess all the attributes of good men, than do a large majority of those that you denounce as "inhuman monsters," "traffickers in human flesh and blood," and "unworthy to associate with freemen," because they continue peaceably to exercise the right that your ancestors accorded to them, and to cultivate the land, that their insalubrious climate will not allow them to cultivate themselves, by slave labor.

Pause and reflect. I know these people well. I know that their patience is nearly exhausted. If the people of the North desire to perpetuate this Union, they must cease to irritate the South without cause or reason, and frown down the disorganizing demagogues and Abolitionists at home.

Be assured that I am a friend of my country—the whole country—one and inseparable.

SOLON ROBINSON.

ANOTHER LETTER TO THE NORTH

To the Editors of the Charleston Mercury:

Gentlemen: I assert, without fear of contradiction, that the negroes of the South are no more cruelly treated than the soldiers and sailors of our Army and Navy, and they are not kept under as strict subordination, or more often flogged for misdemeanors. A more honest rural population than the plantation negroes, it would be difficult to find. Last summer I drove my own carriage from New Orleans to New York, and spent several months in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland; and during all that time one of my trunks was fastened to the carriage and never taken off, and the slight lock never disturbed. Much of the time, too, I carried valuable property in the carriage box without even a lock, and without ever losing a sixpence. Could I have done that in the Northern States? Can you thus leave your houses open as the planters do here? I know hundreds of men who leave their unhealthy homes in the summer and go to a "summer house;" leaving the plantation mansion, and all its contents, in charge of the negroes with perfect safety.

As to the idea "in case of trouble" of getting the negroes to injure their masters, it is the most ridiculous nonsense on earth, and utterly impossible of being effected. I will wager my life, that I will go on to an hundred plantations in succession, with the rankest Abolitionist that ever breathed destruction to the slaveholder, and I will get ten negroes to fight for their masters for every one that he gets to fight against them. There is no people in the world with whom I would trust my life sooner than the negroes of the South. And I could fill a volume with anecdotes relating to scenes of affection that I have witnessed as existing between the negroes and their master and mistress and family.

The real condition of things upon a large plantation more nearly approaches to, in my idea, some of the old Bible patriarchs, than any thing else that I can compare it to. The master lives in the "big house," surrounded perhaps by thirty or forty small comfortable dwellings, in which the "men servants and maid servants" reside, with as much comfort as he does himself. Upon some of these places, ample provision is cooked in one great kitchen to serve all the people. Where rations are dealt out to them, the almost universal allowance is three and a half pounds of fat pork and a peck and a half of fresh sweet corn meal per week to every working hand, male or female. Besides this they have a great many vegetables from their own gardens, if they choose to eat them instead of selling; they always have chickens, eggs, and frequently hogs and crops of their own raising. Upon the rice plantations they are mostly fed upon vegetable food, which they prefer. A gentleman from the "up country," who has always fed meat, has just told me that he has lately bought a gang of rice field negroes, and offered and urged them to eat meat and they refuse it. Nowhere have I ever heard negroes complain of hunger, or saw them showing the least sign of starvation. And among no people in the world can be found a greater proportion of healthy laborers, and aged ones, or a less proportion of infirm from accident or disease.

And I am very certain that no laboring class are more comfortably clothed. Do you think that you can get such a people to take up arms to fight against their masters? Never! You might get, once in a while, some villainous dog to join your crusade, but you might just as well expect to get the children of New England to take up arms to fight against their father's household, as to get the negroes to fight against those they love as well as though they were of their own flesh and blood, or as your children do their own fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters.

What then is your object? If it is philanthropy towards the negro, you are mistaking your object. I boldly assert that no plan of colonization or emancipation that I have ever heard of, can effect the object of placing the great body of negroes in a better condition than they now are.

I know it is a point of religious duty with many of you, to "run off" from his master every negro that comes within your reach. What is your object? Do you better his condition, or the condition of the negro family generally? You cannot expect to effect emancipation by this course, except in a very small way. You affect to complain that one of the horrors of Slavery is the separation of families. Do you not cause such a separation, and often a very painful one, every time you steal a negro from his kindred and his home? And what do you give him in return? Why the empty name of "freeman," without one single addition to his comfort or happiness, present or prospective.

Of course I cannot tell you the object of your actions; but I can tell you some of the effects.

One of which is, to prevent a great deal of the social, pleasant intercourse between the North and South, which would exist to the mutual advantage of both parties, if the wealthy gentleman of the South could carry their servants with them to spend their summers in your more salubrious climate, without danger of having them cajoled away by the siren song of freedom and equality to all colors and conditions in life.

But the worst effect of all, is the bitterness and heart burnings which your actions engender between the members of this great national family: which is fast driving one section of them to the wall, where they can retreat no further—and where they will surely stand and fight for their birthright; of an equal share of the family domain, and the fair enjoyment of the property inherited from their fathers; although thus fighting they may "do and die" they will not be subdued. Pause then and reflect; let the inquiry be of every patriot. North and South, shall the wicked words of fanaticism cause the Union of these States to soon be sundered? Be assured that this is the day of a crisis in the prosperity of this country, that forbodes evil; and it is to you, my Northern brethren, that belongs the task of averting it. Cease to agitate the subject of abolition, which you never can effect until the States themselves shall will it; and a voice shall again be heard from the watch tower of the Union, crying "*E Pluribus Unum*"—all's well, all's well. Pause and reflect. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." To avert the fall is the object of your friend and brother.

SOLON ROBINSON.

ANOTHER LETTER TO THE NORTH.

To the Editors of the Charleston Mercury:

Gentlemen: I have just had a conversation with one of my Northern brethren, who professes to be enlightened upon the point which I inquired about last week, as to what is the object of the Abolitionists.

He disclaims for them all idea of attempting or intending to dissolve, or even entertaining an idea that the Union can be dissolved. But that they intended to agitate the question till the South will be obliged to abolish Slavery, as the price upon which they can remain connected with the North, and that they fully believe that you cannot live by yourselves; and furthermore, that you dare not offer resistance, for fear that the slaves would "turn upon and rend you."

Upon both these points I desire to offer to these uninformed agitators, my evidence for what it may be worth, and correcting this prevailing error.

Heretofore it has been the policy of all the South to grow cotton, rice, sugar, tobacco and corn, which together with the products from her inexhaustible forests of pitch pine, she has exchanged for the manufactures of New England, to the mutual advantage of both parties.

But is that any reason why she cannot manufacture everything required at home? And your insane and suicidal course is fast awakening the people of this country to that very object. Leaving out of consideration the cotton spindles and looms and machine shops of various kinds in this city that are driven by steam, I can show you within a few hours ride over a very good railroad, as perfect a manufacturing village and well managed cotton factory, driven by water, and worked by natives of South Carolina, as can be found in the United States. And there are many others, some operated by whites and some by blacks; and there is as good water power, and as healthy locations and as cheap living, in South Carolina as in Massachusetts. Why then cannot she manufacture for herself? In heavy cotton goods, she is already doing it, cheaper than can possibly be done in any Northern State. And her nearest Southern sister is rapidly becoming a manufacturing State, not only of cottons, but of a great variety of "Yankee Notions." I was in a pail and tub factory at Columbus, Ga., last spring, that can make the articles at less than the freight usually charged upon such things from New York.

There is not one single thing now imported from the North, but what can be manufactured here just as well as there, except ice, and even that, the rapidly lengthening railroad will soon bring down from the mountains of North Carolina or Tennessee, and cut off the supply from the North as well as more than one half of your exports, unless the sober second thought of the sober part of the community shall induce every real and true friend to this Union to rise up as one man, and say to the little band of demagogues and disorganizing fanatics that are sowing the seeds of disunion as the spirit of destruction soweth the whirlwind, that he may reap the tempest for a harvest—"thus far has political abolition gone on unheeded, but it shall go no further." The year 1850 is a year of a crisis in the welfare of the Union. Be assured of that. I speak to you earnestly and truly, and in the full conviction that I am well informed as any man can be who has travelled extensively through all the Southern States for many months, and been in social and intimate connection with many intelligent men, that there is a fixed determination to cease to call you brothers, unless you cease to call the people of the South by the opprobrious names constantly heaped upon them; and all for what? Why, because they persist in exercising their constitutional right to own their birthright inheritance in negro slaves: and unless you cease to disturb those relations that have and must exist between the master and his servants, the days of the Union are numbered. There must be subordination, but not cruelty. And I venture to assert that nine-tenths of the punishments inflicted upon the negroes in this city, arise out of acts of insubordination taught them by the most wicked interference of their worst enemies, the intermeddling Abolitionists: who, in teaching them wild and vague notions or expectations of emancipation, are guilty of greater cruelty to them than their masters ever were. It is teaching them to be discontented with their condition in life, without any hope of improving it. Upon the plantations, the negroes never talk of emancipation—they have little conception of the meaning of the word. Ask them if they would like to be free, and perhaps one half of them will answer yes, but the other half will give you a decided negative. They will tell you that they are very well off now, and don't want to change. They have sense enough to inquire how and where they are to live, and who will feed and clothe them, and take care of them when they are sick, if they have no master and no home. They know that they are incapable of managing for themselves, and must have a master to do it for them.

I shall have something further to say on this subject.

SOLON ROBINSON.

Selections.

One of the editors of the *Evening Post* has been recently writing a series of able, and for the most part, judicious letters from Jamaica to that paper. We copy that which last appeared as giving a very clear insight into the real causes of the present depressed condition of that Colony.

Kingston, February 2, 1850.

The present ruinous condition of this island is ascribed by the residents mainly, to the Abolition of Slavery, and to the reduction of duties upon the staple exports. They say, with truth, that the emancipation act increased the cost of labor, and to the extent of such increase, under an equal rate of duties, gave the slave-grown sugar of Cuba and the Brazils a decided advantage in foreign markets. It is an indisputable fact that this island has not exported one-third the amount of sugar, rum or coffee, for a series of years past, that it was accustomed to export, prior to the Abolition of Slavery, when foreign sugar was practically prohibited from the English market by a duty of 63s. per cwt., and it is equally certain that slave grown sugars have already nearly driven the Jamaica sugars out of England.

Upon these facts, the Jamaica economists rest.—They fold their arms under the conviction that they can do nothing for themselves and that nothing but home legislation can protect them from hopeless ruin.

This I think a most gross and extraordinary delusion, though it is one which seems to be hurrying on the result which it deprecates. The downward tendency of the island cannot be more rapid than it is at this moment, and there are no possible events less likely to happen than that England should restore slave labor, or higher protective duties, to any of her colonies. Here, there is no disposition to have Slavery restored, but every one clamors for protection upon colonial staples and a *reduction of duties upon articles of importation.* The revenue laws are all they complain of, and they think that proper protection would speedily restore them to prosperity and wealth.

I will not attempt to conjecture what a change in the revenue policy of Great Britain might effect for her colonies, nor how far a restoration of Slavery would contribute to repair the losses which its abolition is supposed to have caused, but of this I am clear, that if Jamaica were an American State, she would speedily be more productive and valuable than any agricultural portion of the United States of the same dimensions, and that neither the Emancipation Bill of '32, nor the Sugar Duties Bill of '46, are fatal obstacles to a prosperity far exceeding any thing which Jamaica has ever known.

An American has but to glance his eyes over the industry of this island, to discern ample causes for its declining condition which are quite independent of the two to which it has been charged. I will mention some of them.

First in importance I place the degrading estimate placed upon every species of agricultural labor by the white population. It is well known that the laborer belongs to a proscribed class throughout the British dominions, and that no merit or accomplishment will wipe out the disgrace of having ever belonged to it. That feeling, of course, is very much more inexorable here among the planters who have been accustomed mainly to slave labor. They would, as a class, sooner beg than hold the plough or ply the hoe. Of course one never sees a white laborer on their estates, and the colored people have no competition for wages except with persons of their own complexion. I need hardly say, that such an estimate of labor among the whites has a most pernicious effect upon the blacks. They, with the average sequence of negro logic, infer that if gentlemen never work, they have only to abstain from work to be gentlemen. Again, they revolt from a service which they think degrades them and are disinclined to labor for others more than is absolutely necessary for their own maintenance. They render their services without alacrity, and without any desire or effort to have it reward the employer.

Therefore, the whites, as a mass, are almost entirely unproductive, and the black operatives far less productive than they should be and would be, if within the influence of a healthier public opinion. Between the two, there is no intellect invested in the industry of the island. The planter does not attend personally to the culture of his estates, and, of course, does not avail himself of his superior capacity to select and devise modes of economizing labor, and in multiplying the productive power of his land.—The operatives have no interest to diminish the amount of labor required, for that, they fancy, would bring down wages, which are now so low as hardly to be worth collecting after they are earned. The consequence is, that while the cost of labor has been advancing, there has been no advance whatever in the mechanical and implemental economies of the island.

It is the universal complaint of the planters here, that they make nothing because labor is so high.—They have for fifteen years been contriving to correct this. Coolies were brought from the east, the apprenticeship system was established, immigration from Germany and Africa was encouraged, but still say the planters, wages are ruinously high. I did not find a man here who did not think that it was the unnatural price of labor that was weighing them down, and that its reduction to fair rates would restore prosperity to the island.

Now will you believe me when I say that the average price for labor here ranges from eighteen and three-quarters to twenty-five cents a day, the operative *boarding himself.* Such is the fact—nay, there are more that receive less than eighteen pence than that receive more than twenty-five cents—There is no civilized country in the world I believe, where wages are as low. But I can give you better evidence than the nominal cost of labor here, to show that wages are actually very low. In the first place, every house and shop is filled with black servants People with incomes of less than five hundred dollars a year will keep more servants than would be expected in the United States from an income of ten thousand dollars a year.

When the census was taken in 1844, it appeared that there were in Jamaica at that time, 23,153 household servants, under which name I do not mean to include agricultural or day laborers of any kind, who number about 200,000 more. By the same census it appeared that there were 142,831 persons without any occupation or pursuit. Here we have over 160,000 persons, or more than two-fifths of the whole population, unproductive comparatively.

There are from three to five times as many persons employed about every thing that is doing as are necessary. The most modest and economical establishment in the country will have four or five domestic servants. Field hands are multiplied until they are in each others way, and the amplest provision is always made to prevent the possibility of the ruling race being compelled to do any thing themselves which can be done by servants.

I was particularly struck with the absurdity of this complaint about the high price of labor, when I was one day on a visit to a delightful sugar estate, lying in the parish of St. Thomas in the Vale. It was formerly the property of Bryan Edwards, whose excellent History of the British West Indies is well known in the United States.

Dove Hall, for that is the name of the estate, lies near the base of a mountain, beautifully wooded with the most luxuriant forest trees of the tropics. The mansion is upon an elevation which gradually slopes, for near a quarter of a mile, till it is bounded in the valley by extensive fields of sugar cane, which skirt the margin of a beautiful river that traverses the whole estate. As I drove into the lawn in front of the house, I observed from fifty to seventy-five head of cattle—oxen, cows and donkeys—grazing about, and three men and two boys, posted at different points, were watching them, occasionally varying the monotony of their duties by rolling over on the grass and chattering to each other, *de rebus nihili*, in that peculiarly rapid and thoughtless gibberish, which one never hears except from negroes and monkeys.

When I entered the house, I asked what these negroes were doing on the lawn, and was told that they were tending the cattle to keep them from wandering off into the mountain. Will you believe that before I left, the overseer of the estate assured me that the planters could not get ahead in Jamaica unless wages came down? I told him that he must not talk to an American about high wages, when he could afford to keep three men and two boys to do what was not more than half occupation for the smallest of the boys.

This is but one of the thousand ways in which labor is squandered on the island. In the sugar mills, from twenty to thirty men and women will be employed to do what five American operatives would do much better in the same time, with the aid of such labor-saving agencies as would suggest themselves at once to an intelligent mind. Every thing goes in a way rather to increase than to diminish the number of hands required. I venture to say that there is not one single step in the manufacture of a hogshead of sugar, or a puncheon of rum, upon any estate in Jamaica, in which any intelligent mechanic might not point out a palpable waste of labor, and a ready process of saving it.

I could not learn that there were any estates on the island decently stocked with impliments of husbandry. Even the modern axe is not in general use, for felling the larger class of trees, the negroes commonly use what they call an axe, which is shaped much like a wedge, except that it is a little wider at the edge than at the opposite end, at the very extremity of which a perfectly straight handle is inserted. A more awkward thing for chopping could not be well conceived—at least so I thought until I saw the instrument in yet more general use about the houses in the country, for cutting fire-wood. It was in shape, size and appearance more like the outer half of the blade of a scythe, stuck into a small wooden handle, than any thing else I can compare it to; with this long knife, for it is nothing else, I have seen negroes hacking at branches of palm for several minutes, to accomplish what a good wood-chopper, with an American axe, would finish at a single stroke. I am not now speaking of the poorer class of negro proprietors, whose poverty or ignorance might excuse this, but of the proprietors of large estates, which have cost their thousands of pounds.

A few days ago an address was delivered to the people of Kingston, by Mr. W. W. Anderson, a very respectable and much esteemed lawyer here, who has travelled extensively in the United States, and who took occasion to contrast the industrial policy of the two countries with the view of showing to his fellow citizens the real cause of their declining prosperity. He noticed particularly their neglect to avail themselves of the improvements making in every departments of agricultural industry. Being a resident, and addressing his fellow citizens, his opinions upon these subjects are worth repeating:

"Certainly," says Mr. Anderson, "their (the American) superiority over us is not to be found either in the soil or climate, but in their more laboriously and more skilfully directed industry, aided by implimental husbandry. If an acre is to be planted in corn or potatoes, the usual course for a Jamaica farmer is to send twelve or fifteen laborers with their hoes, and probably at the end of the day the ground may have been turned up. And then follows the planting which is done slowly by the hand, and the making of the drills, and subsequently the cleaning and moulding are all accomplished by the tedious and primitive process of hand-hoeing.

"But in America how is it? A single man, with his little one-horse plough, is sent to the field alone, and in a day he does the work of fifteen of ours.—Then the harrowing follows with equal speed, facility and economy of labor; and sowing by a machine which does by an almost simultaneous operation the three-fold work of making a drill, dropping the seed at equal distances, and covering it up—all as quickly as a horse can walk from one end of the field to the other. As fast as he walks this three-fold work is done by a self-acting machine, which only requires to be dragged over the ground to put the whole of its powers into effective operation. What wonder then at the cheapness of their corn and pork, and the impossibility of our competing with them in these articles so long as we continue in our old ways. We all suffer because, in truth, our neglected rural population is willing to remain a century behind the rest of the world, wedded to their old customs and modes of working—self-satisfied and deficient in enterprise; and as yet there has been no apostle of a better system to stir them up.

"The plough is still comparatively rare in this island. By the cultivators of corn and provisions it is never used, while it is universal in America. Were the labor on our magnificent soils managed by as wise a community, the increase in the value of our land would be astounding. Our land, so cheap and valueless only because we have not a system of general cultivation to turn it to profitable account. Following our system, America would be poor as we are. In their Northern States the land is poor and cold, and yields in most cases little surplus beyond a living even after the exertion of such labor, directed by skill and well made instruments. But consider our soil. See what an ignorant mountain cultivator can extract from a single acre. Seldom, indeed, is it that much is cultivated by a Jamaica peasant to supply his family's wants. The abundant and varied products of the soil enable him to live in comfort even with so small a modicum of exertion. Were any man to work his ten hours a day, and be aided by suitable implements for economizing labor, and better information, how easily could he achieve for himself comfort and independence."

The entire neglect of all the most obvious modes of economizing labor, the number of idlers who are lounging about the island, the low wages that are paid, and the way in which labor is squandered, are sufficient evidence of my statement that labor in Jamaica is both cheap and abundant, and that the cause of her decline must be found elsewhere.

It may be inferred from what I have said, that while wages are comparatively low, they are actually high in consequence of the indolence of the operatives, and that for the amount of work they perform, they are overpaid. The length of this communication prevents my showing, as I propose to do, at your convenience, that this inference would be entirely unsound, and that there are many other evils to be remedied in Jamaica, before the price of labor, or the duties on her staples, will require legislative interference.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS,

At the Faneuil Meeting, Monday evening, March 25th.

Mr. President and Fellow Citizens:

The friend who preceded me spoke of the very remarkable crisis in which we were met in Faneuil Hall to-night. I can liken it to nothing but to the supposition that Samuel Adams, in revolutionary times, had gone over to the British, or John Hancock had ratted. The men who came up to this Hall in 1770 with such news, in what temper would they have filled it?

There has been but one such event as that we now consider within our day. I will not allude to those my friend has mentioned in the time of Charles 1st or of our own Revolution. But we know there was a time when the fate of Hungary rested with one man; and who does not remember the indignation that swept away over Europe when it was known that Georgey had been bought by Russian gold. Liberty stands now in these Northern States as it stood then in Hungary; and the news has come to us that our Dictator, in whom Massachusetts had trusted so fondly, in whom she had garnered up all her confidence, has been bought with the gold of our Russia. Mark, also, that Georgey, when he surrendered Hungary, surrendered nothing but the political rights of the men he was betraying. Our statesman, baser far, is dealing with these personal rights, the violation of any one of which outweighs that of all civil privileges.

We are met to consult in such a crisis as this. For after all, whether we are able to answer the arguments of Daniel Webster or not, whether Massachusetts can pick to pieces that logic or not, whether we can unravel its sophistry to her inhabitants or not, the conviction of every man's heart is, that Daniel Webster is false, no matter how impregnable his logic be or seem. [Hear, hear.]

We may be unable to unravel the web of that sophistry. He is a great man, doubtless, and can easily make 'worse appearance the better reason.' And it may be, so deep and profound is the confidence of the Commonwealth in him, that it may be impossible to keep her from the conclusions to which that argument leads. But let us stand as Chatham stood, when some sophister tried to prove to him that the cause of Hampden and Cromwell was to be suspected, was unconstitutional, and that, after all, Charles I. and Clarenden were the true friends of English liberty, and he retorted, 'Grant it all; no man shall persuade me that it was not the cause of liberty on the one hand, and of tyranny on the other.' [Prolonged applause.]

Let it be so with us now. I care not whether I am able to answer that speech or not. The parties were met; they stood ranged and marshalled face to face on the floor of the United States Senate, and as that speech is spoken, the faces of the friends of freedom are blanched, and joy brightens the crest of Calhoun. I care not for the argument. [Sensation.] He gave aid and comfort to the enemy, and that is treason. [Reiterated applause.] But this is a speech that is rotten all through, not only in its spirit, but its argument also. [Cheers.] It answers itself. The beginning eats the end. It is like Munchausen's lion, that devoured the horse so quick as to find himself in the traces, dragging the chariot. [Shouts of enthusiasm.]

I will not go at length over the ground which has been so well trodden before me, but we must talk of the speech, and therefore I must talk of the same subjects as my friend who has preceded me. Let me say a word about the argument as to Texan annexation. In the Texas Address, which he dictated, in 1845, Mr. Webster pronounced that act 'a plain violation of the Constitution, both in form and substance.' In 1848, at Marshfield, he said, 'I take it that *the most important event in our time*, tending to the extension of Slavery and its everlasting establishment on this continent, was the annexation of Texas in 1845.' In 1847, at Springfield, he told us, 'We are here to use the first, last, and every occasion which offers, to oppose the extension of the Slave Power.' On the 10th August, 1848, *after* New Mexico and California were acquired, he rose in the Senate, and thus delivered himself:—

'My opposition to the increase of Slavery in this country, or to the increase of slave representation, is general and universal. It has no reference to the lines of *latitude* or points of the compass. I shall oppose all such extension at all times and under all circumstances, even against all inducements, against all supposed limitation of great interests, against all combinations, against all compromises.'

Here, then, was a crisis worthy, himself being judge, his utmost exertion. *Dignus vindice nodus*—a knot which justified the interference of a god. It was 'unconstitutional;' it was 'most important; it tended to make Slavery 'everlasting;' he was pledged to oppose it everywhere and by all means.

In view of all this, what and how much has Daniel Webster ever done to prevent the annexation? And when, by the unconstitutional action of a temporary majority, the deed was in some sense attempted or done, what did he do to prevent its acquiring the validity of law?

He made a few speeches, one in particular, at Niblo's Garden, New York; but when so mighty an injustice as this was in progress, was it enough to speak merely? My friend told us just now that Mr. Webster was eloquent. He is so. But I remember a definition he once gave of eloquence. 'True eloquence does not consist in speech,' said he. 'The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men *when their own lives and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country* hang on the decision of the hour. Then *patriotism* is eloquent, then self-devotion is eloquent; the high purpose, the dauntless spirit, * * * urging the whole man onward, *right onward* to his object, this is eloquence; or rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence, it is action—noble, sublime, godlike action!' How much of this 'action' has he ever shown in his opposition to Texas?' When, in 1843, Adams, Gates, Giddings, Briggs, and the rest, raised the note of warning to the people of the free States, where was the name of Daniel Webster?

When did he ever throw his dreaded gauntlet into the lists, and challenge every comer? When did he ever put gallantly at hazard his name, fame and influence, throw intrepidly into the scale of anti-Texas all that he had and all that he was? Did he rally the country? Did he try to animate and marshal even the Whig party? Did he counsel a temporary suspension of attending to minor points, and a concentration of the vigilance of the country on this, the Thermopylæ and Gibralter of the North? Did he summon the States, whose relative weight, as such, was being wickedly and illegally taken from them, to protest and exert themselves? For the ten years that the Texas project was afoot, he, and with some truth we may say, he alone, was competent to any or all of these things. 'One blast upon his bugle-horn had been worth a thousand men.' But none of them did he attempt. In a great measure, his lukewarmness and indifference were the one great obstacle in the way of any other man's doing either of them.

True, he got others to call a convention, in 1845, in this Hall, and when he had felt the pulse of Boston, and found the meeting unpopular, he never came within its walls, but ran away to New York. He dictated the constitutional part of that Convention's Address, and then forbade them to divulge the fact! How much in all this of 'high purpose and dauntless spirit?'

But in December, 1845, while he sat in the Senate, 'the final law doing the deed of annexation' was passed. He 'expressed his opinion,' he tells us, 'and recorded his vote in the negative, and there that vote stands!' And was that all? He stood and saw his loved temple of Liberty fired, 'expressed his opinion, and voted against it!' He saw the Constitution violated—the balance of the States utterly destroyed—saw a deed accomplished whose fatal consequences even his eloquence labors in attempting to portray in the Texas Address, and contented himself with a speech and a vote! When a ruthless majority tramples on the form and substance of the Constitution, of course there must be some constitutional way of opposing them, of preventing their acts acquiring validity. As a profound constitutional lawyer, Mr. Webster could not but know these ways and means of constitutional opposition. In such a crisis, he was bound to find or to make one. Did he attempt it? Did he contest the right to their seats of men who appeared on that floor, under that 'plain violation of the Constitution?' He never opened his mouth! Did he, like the Scottish chieftain of old, send the burnt cross throughout New England, reminding her of what he had dictated, in 1845—'It is idle to say that *the assent* of the people of a State, in a great and fundamental question like this, is to be proved by, or inferred from, any vote of its representatives in Congress?' conjure them to assemble in Convention, and swear never to ratify by acquiescence this act 'which tended to make Slavery everlasting on the continent?' Nothing of the kind.

Did he, if he thought it too late to undertake this, place on solemn record at Washington, and add his influence to, the 'denial' of the Massachusetts Legislature of the validity 'of any compromise, intended to preclude the future application of such a condition' [as Wilmot's?]

Instead of this, he assures Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, (page 18,) that 'he knows no form of legislation which can strengthen' this 'plain violation of the Constitution'—'no recognition that can add a title of weight to it!' 'Any additional recognition would weaken the force of it'—'Government is pledged by law and contract' (p. 26.) And he surrenders, gives up the game, promises to quintuple the weight of Texas when asked. Is this what he calls using 'the first, last, and every occasion to resist the slave power'?—this opposition 'at all times, under all circumstances, against all inducements, against all compromises?' Daniel Webster has *spoken* some and well against Texas. He has yet to do the first act to resist her annexation, or prevent the fatal effects of that measure. His present position either confesses that his boasted Constitution is all a sham, so weak that it leaves its friends no means of resisting the unconstitutional acts of a ruthless majority, or that his whole opposition to Texas, judged by his public acts, was a sham.

Does Mr. Webster mean to say, that if the majority in the Senate voted Maine out of that body, or established an order of nobles, he should consent himself with an 'opinion and a vote?'

But I will pass from this point, which has been sufficiently spoken to. If I had time, I should like to try to show that the annexation of Texas is not yet made valid by the acquiescence of the people, except so far as that she is in the Union; and that, as to the other portion of the agreement, the bringing in of her slave States, we may honorably still try the question, whether the people will ratify it, or whether we cannot persuade them fairly while there's time, to hold it void. Had we a man, and not a *Webster*, in the Senate, this would be done.

Mr. Webster tells us, in the second portion of his argument, that there is no necessity for the Wilmot Proviso. Upon what ground? Why, that the climate of New Mexico renders it impossible that Slavery should extend there. What does Mr. Webster say (page 8) in his revised speech? 'Slavery existed in the earliest periods of history in the oriental nations.' What does he say on the 26th page?—'California and New Mexico are'—what? '*Asiatic* in their formation and scenery!' If they are so, what prevents Slavery from existing there in the latest periods, as it did in the *oriental* nations in the earliest? (Loud plaudits.)

'There was Slavery among the Greeks,' says Mr. Webster. What was Greece? 'Iron-bound and sterile,' says Edward Everett; with an unproductive soil, importing her own corn. What is the description Mr. Webster gives of New Mexico? Such as Greece was, with her little mountain fastnesses, with 'vast ridges of mountains of enormous height, broken ridges and deep valleys.' Slavery existed in Greece, without much 'tillable land,' without cotton or tobacco. Why cannot it exist in our mountains at the present day?

There never was one square mile of the earth's surface, on which man dwelt, where Slavery has not existed. I am within limits when I say, that there is not a hundred square miles upon the earth's surface, of inhabited territory, in which Slavery has not existed; and yet he contends that it is impossible for slavery to exist in the countless miles of unknown and untrodden territory west of the Del Norte. In every State of this Union, except possibly Vermont, Slavery has existed. Does Mr. Webster undertake to affirm that no space equal to New England exists in New Mexico, which is not more piled with granite and less 'tillable' than she? It is contradicted by all the history of the world. Labor has never been hard enough to make it welcome to a freeman, or make him unwilling to force it on a slave. Mr. Webster knows this, because he has said as much, substantially, in the commencement of his speech. Yet he tells us to—what? To trust to chance! I would be willing to trust to chance, fairly interpreted; to the providence of God. But whoever trusts to chance, under the Constitution of the United States, trusts to loaded dice and packed cards. (Cheers.) He trusts to a Webster surrendering the forces of liberty, while Calhoun, like the Guards, 'never yields—he dies.' (Hear, hear.) That is the chance. No—we will 'take a bond of fate,' before we will trust to that. (Cheers.) I will leave this untouched further, as my friend has treated it so fully; and pass to the third portion of Mr. Webster's speech, which deals with the fugitive slave. I wish you to bear with me a moment while I dwell upon this. Mr. Webster says that he will support not only the Constitution, but the bill of Mr. Mason on this subject.

Now, I wish to bring to your reccollection what that bill is, in order that you may fairly judge what he undertakes to support. The substance of the bill has been repeated to you. Upon affidavit, written testimony, taken beforehand, and without warning, it proposes to allow, among others, any court clerk or postmaster to grant a warrant which shall authorize the slave claimant to carry the man he claims from Boston to New Orleans.

Suppose the claimant, either through malice or carelessness, has taken the wrong person, taken a Massachusetts freeman: how shall the victim be righted? Why, it is said, by appealing to some court in New Orleans, when he arrives. But remember the colored people are generally poor.—Suppose a colored man, never out of Boston in his life, is snatched away. How is he to get friends in New Orleans, where he never was before, to bring his case before, a tribunal? Months may pass ere that, and meanwhile the poor, friendless one is melting fast into the indistinguishable mass of slaves, and may be sold and passed on from hand to hand, till redress is impossible. (Sensation.)

But suppose some humane person is found—the case at last is in some Southern court; where every colored person is presumed to be a slave until he shows the contrary. How then is the Boston boy to prove his Boston birth? Why, you will say, let him send for his mother, father, brothers, uncles, playmates. Send? It costs money. Send for their depositions, then! Court street asks money to take them; the man is poor. But suppose this evil also is surmounted. His friends have come to him, or sent their despositions. The laws of the South *shut out all this testimony!* A colored man must, of course, prove his birth and residence by colored

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friends generally; but no colored man can give evidence, in a Southern court, in any case where a white man is party. He must get white persons to swear to his past life, birth, &c., or he must sink down a slave. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases, therefore, out of a thousand, the Northern freeman, once mistakenly surrendered under Mason's bill, is lost forever. And this is the bill which the Defender of the Constitution undertakes to support! He knew, or should have known, that in Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Missouri, Alabama, and probably in all the slave States, any person claiming that he is wrongfully held may have a *jury trial*. But the Massachusetts man mistakenly seized, in Boston, cannot have this old Saxon privilege! He must be surrendered whenever any one office underling is satisfied, on paper evidence, that the slave claimant is right.

I go into these facts to show that Mr. Webster, when he surrenders one of his constituents to Mason's bill, surrenders him to Slavery. As long ago as 1827, kidnapping was common in Pennsylvania. They had only to catch a man, get him over the line, and mingle him among the slaves, and he could not be found again. Mr. Webster knows that all laws should be guarded strictly in favor of liberty; so carefully guarded as to make mistakes all but impossible. He has himself told us that 'The spirit of liberty is, indeed, a bold and fearless spirit; but it is also a sharp-sighted spirit; it is a cautious, sagacious, discriminating, far-seeing intelligence; it is jealous of encroachment, jealous of power, jealous of man. It demands checks, it seeks for guards, it insists on securities; it entrenches itself behind strong defences, and fortifies, with all possible care, against the assaults of ambition and passion. It does not trust the amiable weakness of human nature, and therefore it will not permit power to overstep its prescribed limits, though benevolence, good intent and patriotic purpose come along with it. Neither does it satisfy itself with *flashy and temporary resistance to illegal authority*. Far otherwise. It seeks for duration and permanence. It looks before and after; and, building on the experience of ages which are past, it labors diligently for the benefit of ages to come. This is the nature of constitutional liberty; and this is our liberty, if we will rightly understand and preserve it.'

This very bill is such an one as that against which he thus warns us. The bill is bad enough on the face of it; but it is like the Artesian wells, growing hotter and hotter the lower you go. It is baser and baser, the more you an alyze it.

Where a man finds stolen property, *there* he is to prove that it is his. That is the common law. If I find a stolen horse in Marshfield, I am bound to prove *in Marshfield* that it is mine, and not leave the town with it until it is decided there by a jury of twelve men. [Applause.] But if an unfortunate colored man, claimed as a slave, should go to Marshfield, and he would be very unfortunate if he did, [laughter,] for of the few men who have been willing to consign their names to infamy by proclaiming their readiness to assist in a slave-hunt, certainly that of Daniel Webster should stand at the head [renewed laughter]: but if such an unfortunate should take refuge from a slave hunter there, he is not to have a jury trial of Massachusetts men. No! on the affidavit, paper testimony of anybody, he is to be carried any number of thousand miles—carried off helpless. Our fathers put it into the Declaration against England, that our citizens were to be carried away to be tried in England. England! It was the next door to John Hancock's house, compared with the hopeless distance of New Orleans from Boston, for the poor and friendless colored man.

This is not the Constitution. Bad as that is, it is nothing like this. Mr. Webster tries to persuade Massachusetts that he is only supporting the Constitution. The Constitution says, in all criminal cases, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved; in all civil cases, where the value is above twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved. Now, the slave case goes either into one or the other list. When the slave is arrested, it is either a criminal or a civil case: and the Constitution, therefore, requires a jury. Mr. Webster knows this: and, instead of this speech, he should have lifted up his voice in behalf of this time-honored barrier of the rights of the humblest citizen. In place of that, Massachusetts is left to Seward, of New York, or some Western statesman, to defend for her the principles of freedom. [Great enthusiasm.] Yes, we are left for some foreigner from Massachusetts to put that shield over the head of her colored citizen which the Constitution enjoins, and which the Massachusetts 'defender of the Constitution' chooses to forget.—[Shame.] This is my gravest charge against Mr.

That argument on the slave-hunt is plausibly put together, to convince Massachusetts that he is only carrying out the Constitution. The *Courier*, of this morning, bids us declaimers against Mr. Webster read the Constitution side by side with this speech, and show where they conflict. Why, the Constitution, compared with that speech, is heaven; that is hell! [Immense applause.] The Constitution repudiates such a speech, with loathing and contempt.

Samuel Adams signed the Constitution. He would have let his arm wither to the shoulder, before he would have signed to that speech. (Cheers.) It took one Hungarian, Georgey, to surrender his Constitution; and it took another, Bem, to surrender his faith, and become a Pacha with nine tails; but, more fortunate than either, in one act Webster surrenders both! [Loud shouts and cheers.] In one act, he was a traitor to his Constitution, and an apostate from Humanity. The year 1850 will be fatal to other men than Hungarians, to other lives than natural lives, if we shall do our duty in this Commonwealth. (Prolonged applause.)

There is one point further, on which I wish to make a single remark, and it is this:—The Southerners tell us, that the right of trial by jury is inconsistent with Slavery. They tell us that if the Southerner is obliged to prove his title to his slave, he would be very much inconvenienced! He cannot tarry so long! He will have to tarry only as long as it would take to recover his horse. But if he be inconvenienced, who is to suffer, he or liberty?

I recollect, in the life of that glorious Baptist missionary, William Knibb, that, on one occasion, he and his coadjutors came to an agreement with planters of Jamaica, that Slavery and Christianity could not exist together; and there they parted. The planters said, 'We will exterminate Christianity;' the missionaries rejoined, 'We will abolish Slavery.' Let us make the same resolve as to *Habeas Corpus*, jury trial, and the other sacred barriers of liberty. If the choice must be made between them and chains, do not let us make them yield to the convenience of slaveholders! Which is to give way, the rights of freemen, or the convenience of slaveholders? Which is to give way, the right of the colored people of Boston, that their children may not play in safety in the streets, protected by just laws, or the gratification of slave-catchers in the nineteenth century? I had almost said, that jury trial was a law of nature,—(applause.)—certainly it is a law of the Saxon race; and the convenience of Slavery must give way to that great jury trial which protects the liberties of the humblest of that race in our midst. (Cheers.)

Once, more and I will relieve you soon—('go on! go on!')—and that is in this matter of balancing the complaints of the South and North against each other, Mr. Webster plainly betrays the bias under which he spoke. Slurring with only some twenty lines, the vast usurpation of new territories, which has completely changed the character of the Union, he charges against Northern *legislators* a want of fidelity to the Constitution.

But I would say, point me, Mr. Senator, to one single law on any statute book, in any free State, inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States! Point me to one single Legislature that has ever refused to do what the Constitution bade it! The moment the Prigg and Pennsylvania case was published, in which the Court said the States had no right to legislate for or against the slaveholder in pursuit of his slave, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Maine, and all the Northern States, quietly yielded the statute granting jury trial, that conflicted with this decision. You and I, Mr. Chairman, went up to the State House with a bill passed on that decision, and it was passed in a month. There is not a law on any free State statute book that conflicts, in the slightest degree, with the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Webster knows this to be the case. He said, as long ago as when he defended the Constitution against Hayne, in 1830, 'I am resolved not to submit, in silence, to accusations either against myself individually, or against the North, wholly unfounded and unjust; accusations which impute to us a disposition to evade the Constitutional Compact, and to extend the power of the Government over the internal laws and domestic condition of the States. He said in March, 1849, to Butler of South Carolina, 'If the gentleman will say that Massachusetts has ever passed a law in violation of the Constitution, I am here, ready to defend her.' In March, 1850—*Eheu quantum mutatus ab illo!*—he has nothing to say on the subject! except to accuse his constituents.

Now, having brought this unjust charge against the legislators of the North, he turns round, and, in the North's behalf *says* nothing. But when he prints his speech in Massachusetts, he prints in it a few feeble lines about South Carolina's imprisoning our seamen. Does he arraign Legislatures? No! Does he allude to laws? Never! Now, there stand upon their statute books, laws which they know are unconstitutional, making our seamen liable to be seized and sold. These statutes they confess to be unconstitutional, because they forbid their being passed upon and tried by any Federal Court. Mr. Webster knows them to be unconstitutional.

Side by side with those statutes, Louisiana and South Carolina have enacted that if any person, from Massachusetts or elsewhere, goes to these States to make up a case, and try the constitutionality of these laws in the Supreme Court, he shall be punished by imprisonment in the common jail. Mr. Webster knew all this; yet he has not a word to say against the whole range of Southern legislation, which is confessedly unconstitutional, and which dares not meet the faces of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States.

In his spoken speech, he did not utter a syllable of this. It was published in the *Intelligencer* and *Union* without a line about the Northern seamen. But when he was about to send it North, he puts in six or eight lines on the subject. He says, 'This is not only irritating, (!) but exceedingly inconvenient in practice, (!) and *seems* altogether impracticable and oppressive.' (!) Well, the speech came to the people of the North in this *seeming* way; and a great many of the Massachusetts newspapers spoke out against its poltroonery, and only one or two city papers supported him. What does he say in his second 'authorized edition'? 'Seems, madam? nay, *it is!*' (Applause.) Now it no longer is inconvenient! or *seems* irritating, but is 'EXCEEDINGLY unjustifiable and oppressive.' His thermometer has risen ten degrees. What raised it? The country papers of Massachusetts? (Prolonged applause.) Let him hear of a good hot meeting in Faneuil Hall, and it will go up to boiling point, (Enthusiasm.) Why, if we whip our best, we can whip this top into spinning at last. That paragraph had never been inserted, if the speech had not been obliged to bear the eyes of Northern men. He has changed it—changed it for the better. Let us go on, and we will make him make a better whole speech still. (Repeated cheers.)

I know that I have detained you a great while too long. ['No, no!'] I have endeavored to obey the *Boston Courier*, and stick to the speech and the Constitution. It is not necessary to go out of the limits of that pamphlet in order to answer even Daniel Webster, in my opinion. But this is no doubt a momentous question; for we have reached the great western goal of the world. 'In that high romance, if romance it be,' says Edward Everett, 'in which the great minds of antiquity sketched the fortunes of the ages to come, they pictured to themselves a favored region beyond the ocean, a land of *equal laws and happy men*. The primitive poets beheld it in the islands of the blest; the Doric bards surveyed it in the Hyperborean regions; the sage of the Academy placed it in the lost Atlantis; and even the sterner spirit of Seneca could discern a fairer abode of humanity in the distant regions then unknown. We look back upon these uninspired predictions, and almost recoil from the obligation they imply. By us must these fair visions be realized, by us must be fulfilled these high auspices which burst in trying hours from the longing hearts of the champions of truth. There are no more continents or worlds to be revealed. Atlantis hath arisen from the ocean; the farthest Thule is reached; there are no more retreats beyond the sea, no more discoveries, no more hopes. Here then a mighty work is to be fulfilled, or never, by the race of mortals. The *man*, who looks with tenderness on the sufferings of good men in other times; the *descendant* of the Pilgrims, who cherishes the memory of his fathers; the *patriot*, who feels an honest glow at the majesty of the system of which he is a member'; *you* are the men, fellow-citizens, by whom these bright auspices are to be accomplished. This is the last solemn experiment of humanity.

Are the tone, purpose, and resolve of this speech, those in which it is to be tried? The failing heart of every hater of Slavery in these States answers for me, No.

Mr. Webster, in one of his eloquent moments, when with the earnestness of one of his most noble efforts, he denounced the slave trade in this language, cried out, 'Welcome posterity to these hearths that we have kept sacred for them!' 'Sacred'—how? By leaving it to chance whether they shall be polluted with a chain, or consecrated to freedom? We call upon him to come up in his age, and fulfil the promise of his youth; and if he is wanting, if he has betrayed us, let him be like Arnold or like Georgey—let the axe sever forever the tender cords that bound him to the heart of hearts of Massachusetts. (Loud cheers.) If he has so little knowledge of the moral sense of New England, as to think that he can stand up in the face of this community, *after he has pledged himself to be a slave-hunter*, let him at least learn to respect the intelligence of New England, which knows at least when it is betrayed.—(Applause.) Let us teach him that we have studied too faithfully in the school where he has been so long a teacher of glorious thoughts and noble arguments! Let him learn that we have been too good disciples not to carry out his lessons into deeds; that we mean to stand by the principles of the ordinance of 1787; that we mean to beware just where the enemy are vigilant and hopeful; that where the South clings with the agony of despair to the right to carry their slaves into the territory of the West, just there will be vigilant. We will no longer be the dupes of the enemy. We will greet the gage with no man can mistake.

In his speech at Marshfield, Mr. Webster quoted the ludicrous lines of Charles 2nd's time, when a member of the House of Commons said, in relation to James 2nd,—

> 'I hear a lion in the lobby roar!
> Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door,
> And keep him out; or shall we let him in,
> And see if we can get him out again?"

Mr. Webster said, 'I was for shutting the door, and keeping the lion out' of New Mexico. What he said in 1848, I desire Massachusetts to echo in 1850: even though Mr. Webster has found out that there is no danger of the lion's coming in at that open door! (Applause.)

Let us cling to the example of those long years in which Mr. Webster thought he was leading the public sentiment of New England, rather than the total surrender of his own arguments, his own sentiments, his own thunder from beginning to end, in this most melancholy speech.

I desire to add nothing, in comment upon Mr. Webster, upon his position, his course, or his future. If he is willing that the sun of his fame shall rise to the generation that is to come after us, clouded with such a blot as that pledge, not only to sustain the Constitution of the United States, but the worst provisions of the worst slave law that ever provoked the contempt and indignation of any people, let him do so! It is not for us to judge him. But when all the great men are recreant, Faneuil Hall, at least, is left us. If confidence in the present is gone, the memories of the past, and labors and hopes for the future are still ours.

Mr. Parker said that the citizens of Boston once met here when the Chesapeake was captured. We meet tonight because Webster is kidnapped. (Cheers.) I remember that I once spoke in this Hall when John Quincy Adams presided, on the occasion of the kidnapping of a fugitive slave in South Boston. We have met now when a Massachusetts man has been kidnapped. Let us save the State to liberty. Let us try to save the fame of the old Commonwealth; and if we cannot save it, if State street gives in its adherence, as it is going to do, if the men that were prominent in the stormy days of 1812 and 1820 are putting their honored names to a letter of approbation for Mr. Webster, let us, the little men of the Commonwealth, have it to claim against the terrible rebuke that is to come to us from the other side of the water, and from posterity, that we raised our voices, feeble as they were, in the most sacred spot that we could find, in behalf of justice and humanity. (Great applause.)

But we need not talk in this strain. On our side is 'every attribute of the Almighty.' It will take greater apostates than even this one to doom that fair land long to Slavery. God never scooped the valley of the Mississippi as the cradle of bondage, nor piled the Rocky mountains as ramparts for tyrants. That valley is to be trodden by free feet; those fastnesses held by free hands. Such is, indeed, the 'will of God,' which mocks all the wickedness of man to gainsay it. [Long continued applause.]—*The Liberator.*

From The Liberator.

SPEECH OF THEODORE PARKER.

At a Meeting of Citizens of Boston and Vicinity, held in Faneuil Hall, March 25th, in condemnation of the recent Speech of Daniel Webster.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

It is an important occasion which has brought us together. A great crisis has occurred in the affairs of the United States. There is a great question now before the people. In any European country west of Russia and east of Spain, it would produce a revolution, and be settled with gunpowder. It narrowly concerns the material welfare of the nation. The decision that is made will help millions of human beings into life, or will hinder and prevent millions from being born. It will help or hinder the advance of the nation in wealth for a long time to come. It is a question which involves the honor of the people. Your honor and my honor are concerned in this matter, which is presently to be passed upon by the people of the United States. More than all this, it concerns the morality of the people. We are presently to do a right deed, or to inflict a great wrong on others and on ourselves, and thereby entail an evil upon this continent which will blight and curse it for many an age.

It is a great question, comprising many smaller ones:—Shall we extend and foster Slavery, or shall we extend and foster Freedom? Slavery, with its consequences, material, political, intellectual, moral; or Freedom, with the consequences thereof.

A question so important to be decided seldom comes before any generation of men. This age is full of great questions, but this of Freedom is the chief—it is the same question which in other forms comes up in Europe. This is presently to be decided here in the United States by the servants of the people—I mean by the Congress of the nation; in the name of the people; *for* the people, if justly decided; *against* them, if unjustly. If it were to be left to-morrow to the naked votes of the majority, I should have no fear. But the public servants of the people may decide otherwise. The political parties, as such, are not to pass judgment. It is not a question between Whigs and Democrats; old party distinctions, once so sacredly and rigidly observed, here vanish out of sight. The party of Slavery or the party of Freedom is to swallow up all the other parties. Questions about tariffs and banks can hardly get a hearing. On the approach of a battle, men do not talk of the weather.

Four great men in the Senate of the United States have given us their decision; the four most eminent in the party politics of the nation—two great Whigs, two great Democrats. The *Shibboleth* of their party is forgotten by each; there is a strange unanimity in their decision. The Herod of free trade and the Pilate of protection are 'made friends,' when Freedom is to be crucified. All four decide adverse to freedom; in favor of Slavery; against the people. Their decisions are such as you might look for in the politicians of Austria and Russia. Many smaller ones have spoken on this side or on that. Last of all, but greatest, the most illustrious of the four—so far as great gifts of the understanding are concerned—a son of New England, long known, and often and deservedly honored, has given his decision. We waited long for his words; we held our peace in his silence; we listened for his counsel. Here it is; adverse to freedom beyond the fears of his friends, and the hopes even of his foes. He has done wrong things before, cowardly things more than once; but this, the wrongest and most cowardly of them all, we did not look for it. No great man in America has had his faults or his feelings so leniently dealt with; private scandal we will not credit, public shame we have tried to excuse, or, if inexcusable, to forget. We have all of us been proud to go forward and honor his noble deeds, his noble efforts, even his noble words. I wish we could take a mantle big and black enough, and go backward and cover up the shame of the great man who has fallen in the midst of us, and hide him till his honor and his conscience shall return. But no, it cannot be; his deed is done in the face of the world, and nothing can hide it.

We have come together to-night in Faneuil Hall, to talk the matter over, in our New England way; to look each other in the face; to say a few words of warning, a few of counsel, perhaps something which may serve for guidance. We are not met here to-night to 'calculate the value of the Union,' but to calculate the worth of Freedom and the rights of man; to calculate the value of the WILMOT PROVISO. Let us be cool and careful, not violent, not rash; true and firm, not hasty or timid.

Important matters have brought our fathers here many times before now. Before the Revolution, they came here to talk about the 'Molasses Act,' or the 'Sugar Act,' or the 'Stamp Act,' the 'Boston Port Bill,' and the long list of grievances which stirred up their manly stomachs to the Revolution; afterwards, they met to consult about the 'Embargo' and the seizure of the 'Chesapeake,' and many other matters. Not long ago, only five years since, we came here to protest against the annexation of Texas. But before the Revolution or after it, meetings have seldom been called in Faneuil Hall on such solemn occasions as this. Not only is there a great public wrong contemplated, as in the annexation of Texas but the character and conduct of a great public servant of the people comes up to be looked after. This present conduct of Mr. Webster is a thing to be solemnly considered. A similar thing once happened before. In 1807, a Senator from Massachusetts was disposed to accept a measure the President had advised, because he had 'recommended' it 'on his high responsibility.' 'I would *not consider*,' said the Senator, 'I would *not deliberate*, I would *act*.' He did so; and with little deliberation, with small counsel, as men thought at the time, he voted for the Embargo, and the Embargo came. This was a measure which doomed 800,000 tons of shipping to rot at the wharf. It touched the pockets of New England and all the North. It affected the daily meals of millions of men. There was indignation, deep and loud indignation, but it was political in its nature and personal in its form; the obnoxious measure was purely political, not obviously immoral and unjust. But, long as John Quincy Adams lived, much as he did in his latter years for mankind, he never wholly wiped off the stain which his conduct in 1807 brought upon him. Yet it may be that he was honest in his vote; it may have been an error of judgment, and nothing more; nay, there are men who think it was no error at all, but a piece of political wisdom.

A Senator of Massachusetts has now committed a fault far greater than was ever charged upon Mr. Adams by his most inveterate political foes. It does not directly affect the shipping of New England and the North; I wish it did. It does not immediately concern our daily bread: if it were so, the contemplated wrong would receive a speedy adjustment. But it concerns the liberty of millions of men yet unborn.

Let us look at the matter carefully.

Here is a profile of our national action on the subject now before the people.

In 1774, we agreed to import no more slaves after that year, and never formally repealed this act of agreement.

In 1776, we declared that 'all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'

In 1778, we formed the 'Confederacy,' with no provision for the surrender of fugitive slaves.

In 1787, we shut out Slavery from the Northwest Territory for ever, by the celebrated proviso of Mr. Jefferson.

In 1788, the Constitution was formed, with its 'compromises' and guarantees.

In 1808, the importation of slaves was forbidden. But,

In 1809, we annexed Louisiana, and Slavery along with it.

In 1819, we annexed Florida, with more Slavery.

In 1820, we legally established Slavery in the territory west of the Mississippi, south of 36 deg. 30 min.

In 1845, we annexed Texas, with 325,520 square miles as a slave State.

In 1848, we acquired, by conquest and by treaty, the vast territory of California and New Mexico, containing 526,078 square miles. Of this, 204,383 square miles are south of the slave line—south of 36 deg. 30 min. Here is territory enough to make more than thirty slave States of the size of Massachusetts.

At the present day, it is proposed to have some further action on the matter of Slavery. Connected with this subject, four great questions come up to be decided:—

1. *Shall four new slave States at any time be made out of Texas?* This is not a question which is to be decided at present, yet it is one of great present importance, and furnishes an excellent test of the moral character and political conduct of politicians at this moment. The other questions are of immediate and pressing concern. Here they are:—
2. *Shall Slavery be prohibited in California?*
3. *Shall Slavery be prohibited in New Mexico?*
4. *What laws shall be passed relative to fugitive slaves?*

Mr. Webster, in this speech, 'defines his position' in regard to each of these four questions.

1. In regard to the new States to be made hereafter out of Texas, he gives us his opinion, in language well studied, and even with an excess of caution. Let us look at it, and the Resolution which annexed Texas. That declares that '*new States* . . not exceeding four in number, in addition to said State of Texas . . *may hereafter*, by the consent of said State, *be formed out of the territory thereof, which shall be entitled to admission under the provisions of the Federal Constitution. And such States . . shall be admitted with or without Slavery, as the people of each State asking admission may desire.*'

I will not stop to consider the constitutionality of the joint Resolution which annexed Texas. Mr. Webster's opinion on that subject is well known. But the Resolution does two things: I. It *confers a power*, viz., the power to make four new States, on certain conditions; a qualified power, restricted by the terms of the act. 2d. *It imposes an obligation*, viz., the obligation to leave it to the people of the new State to keep slaves or not, when the State is admitted. The words *may be*, &c., indicate the *conferring of a power*; the words *shall be*, &c., the *imposing of an obligation*. But as the power is a *qualified power*, so is the obligation a *qualified obligation*; the *shall be* is dependent on the *may be* as much as the *may be* on the *shall*. Admitting in argument what Mr Webster has denied, that Congress had the constitutional right to annex Texas by joint Resolution, andalso that the Resolution of one Congress binds the future Congress, it is plain Congress *may admit* new States from Texas, on those conditions, or *refuse to admit them*. This is plain, by any fair construction of the language. The Resolution does not say, they *shall* be formed, only '*may* be formed,' and 'shall be entitled to admission, *under the provisions of the Federal Constitution*'—not *in spite* of those provisions. The provisions of the Constitution in relation to the formation and admission of new States are well known, and sufficiently clear. Congress is no more *bound* to admit a new slave State formed out of Texas, than out of Kentucky. But Mr. Webster *seems* to say that Congress is *bound to make four new States out of Texas*, when there is sufficient population to warrant the measure, and a desire for it in the States themselves, and to admit them with a Constitution allowing Slavery. He says, 'Its guaranty is, that new States *shall be made* out of it, . . .and that such States . . . *may come in* as slave States,' &c. (Speech, p. 18.) Quite the contrary. It is only said they '*may be* formed,' and admitted 'under the provisions of the Constitution.' The *shall be* does not relate to the *fact of admission*. Then he says, there is 'a solemn pledge,' 'that if she shall be divided into States, those States *may come in* as slave States.' But there is no 'solemn pledge' that they *shall come* in at all. I may make a 'solemn pledge' to John Doe, that if ever I give him any land, it shall be a thousand acres in the meadows on Connecticut River; but it does not follow from this that I am bound to give John Doe any land at all. This solemn pledge is worth nothing, if Congress says to new States, YOU SHALL NOT COME IN WITH YOUR SLAVE CONSTITUTION. To make this 'stipulation with Texas' binding, it ought to have provided that 'new States . . . SHALL *be formed* out of the territory thereof . . *such States shall be entitled to admission*,' IN SPITE OF 'THE PROVISIONS OF THE CONSTITUTION.' Even then, it would be of no value; for as there can be no *moral obligation to do an immoral deed*, so there can be *no constitutional obligation to do an unconstitutional deed*. So much for the first question. You see that Mr. Webster proposes to do what we never stipulated to do, what is not 'so nominated in the bond.' He wrests the Resolution against Freedom, and for the furtherance of the slave power!

2 and 3. Mr. Webster has given his answer to the second and third question which may be considered as a single question—*Shall Slavery be legally forbidden by Congress in California and New Mexico?* Mr. Webster is opposed to the prohibition by Congress. Here are his words;—'Now, as to California and New Mexico, I hold Slavery to be excluded from those territories by a law even superior to that which admits and sanctions it in Texas. I mean the law of nature, of physical geography, the law of the formation of the earth.' . . . 'I will say further, that if a resolution or a law were now before us to provide a territorial Government for new Mexico, *I would not vote to put any prohibition into it whatever*. The use of such a prohibition would be idle, as it respects any effect it would have upon the Territory: and I would not take pains to re-affirm an ordinance of Nature, nor to re-enact the will of God.' The gentlemen who belong to the Southern States *would think it a taunt, an indignity*; they would think it an act taking away from them what they regard as a proper equality of privilege' . . . 'a plain theoretic wrong,' 'more or less derogatory to their character and their rights.'

African Slavery, he tells us, cannot exist there. It could once exist in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Very little of this territory lies north of Mason's & Dixon's line, (the northern limit of Maryland;) none above the parallel of 42 deg.; none of it extends fifty miles above the Northern limit of Virginia; 204,353 square miles of it lie south of the line of the Missouri Compromise, south of 36 30! Almost all of it is in the latitude of Virginia and the Carolinas. If Slavery can exist on the west coast of the Atlantic, I see not why it cannot on the east of the Pacific, and all the way between. There is no reason why it cannot. It will, unless we forbid it by positive laws, which no man can misunderstand. Why, in 1787, it was thought necessary to forbid Slavery in the Northwest Territory, which extends from the Ohio River to the 49th parallel of north latitude.

Not exclude Slavery from California and New Mexico because *it can never exist there!* Why, it was there once, and Mexico abolished it by positive law. Abolished, did I say! We are not so sure of that; I mean, not sure that the Senate of the United States is sure of it. Not a month before Mr. Webster made this very speech, on the 13th and 14th of last February, Mr. Davis, the Senator from Mississippi, maintained that Slavery is *not* abolished in California and New Mexico. He denies that the acts abolishing Slavery in Mexico were made by competent powers, denies that they have the force of law. But even if they have, he tells us, 'Suppose it be conceded that by law it was abolished—could that law be perpetual?—could it extend to the territory after it became the property of the United States? Did we admit territory from Mexico, subject to the Constitution and laws of Mexico? Did we pay $15,000,000 for jurisdiction over California and New Mexico, that it might be held subordinate to the laws of Mexico?' The Commissioners of Mexico, he tells us, did not think that 'we were to be bound by the edicts and statutes of Mexico.' They pressed this point in the negotiation, 'the continuation of their law for the exclusion of Slavery; and Mr. Trist told them he would not make a treaty on that condition; if they would 'offer him the land covered a foot thick with pure gold, upon the single condition that Slavery should be excluded therefrom, I could not entertain the offer for a moment.' Does not Mr. Webster know this? He knows it too well.

But Mr. Davis goes further. He does not think Slavery is excluded by legislation stronger than a joint resolution. This is his language:—'*I believe it is essential, on account of the climate, productions, soil, and the peculiar character of cultivation, that we shall, during its first settlement, have that Slavery [African Slavery] in a part at least, of California and New Mexico.*' Now, on questions of 'a law of Nature and physical geography,' the Senator from Mississippi is as good authority as the Senator from Massachusetts, and a good deal nearer to the facts of the case.

In the House of Representatives, Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, among others, wants New Mexico for slave soil. Pass the Wilmot Proviso over this territory, and the question is settled, disposed of for ever. Omit to pass it, and Slavery will go there, and you may get it out if you can. Once there, it will be said that the 'compromises of the Constitution' are on its side, and we have no jurisdiction over the Slavery which we have established there.

Hear what Mr. Foote said of a similar matter on the 26th of June, 1848, in his place in the Senate:—Gentlemen have said this is not a practical question, that slave will never be taken to Oregon. With all deference to their opinion, I differ with them totally. *I believe, if permitted, slaves would be carried there, and that Slavery would continue, at least, as long as in Maryland or Virginia.* [The whole of Oregon" is north of 42 deg.] The Pacific coast is totally different in temperature from the Atlantic. It is far milder. . . Green peas are eaten in the Oregon city at Christmas. Where is the corresponding climate to be found on this side the Continent? Where we sit—near the 39th? No, sir; but to the South of us. The latitude of Georgia gives, on the Pacific, a tropical climate.' 'The prohibition of Slavery in the laws of Oregon was adopted for the express purpose of excluding slaves. A few had been brought in; further importations were expected; and it was with a view to put a stop to them, that the prohibitory act was passed.'

Now, Mr. Foote, of Mississippi—'Hangman Foote,' as he has been called—understands the laws of the formation of the earth as well as the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts. Why, the inhabitants of that part of the Northwest Territory which now forms the States of Indiana and Illinois, repeatedly asked Congress to allow them to introduce slaves north of the Ohio; and but for the Ordinance of '87, that territory would now be covered with the mildew of Slavery!

But I have not yet adduced all the testimony of Mr. Foote. Last, year, on the 23d of February, 1849, he declared:—'No one acquainted with the vast mineral resources of California and New Mexico, and who is aware of the peculiar adaptedness of slave labor to the development of mineral treasures, can doubt for a moment, that were slaves introduced into California and New Mexico, being employed in the mining operations there in progress, their labor would result in the acquisition of pecuniary profits not heretofore realized by the most successful cotton or sugar planter of this country?' Does not Mr. Webster know this? Perhaps he did not hear Mr. Foote's speech last year; perhaps he has a short memory, and has forgotten it. Then let us remind the nation of what its Senator forgets. Not know this—forget it? who will credit such a statement? Mr. Webster is not an obscure clergyman, busy with far different things, but the foremost politician of the United States.

But why do I mention the speeches of Mr. Foote, a year ago? Here is something hardly dry from the printing press. Here is an advertisement from the '*Mississippian*' of March 7th, 1850,—the very day of this speech. The '*Mississippian*' is published at the city of Jackson, in Mississippi.

CALIFORNIA.

THE SOUTHERN SLAVE COLONY.

Citizens of the slave States desirous of emigrating to California with their slave property, are requested to send their names, number of slaves, and period of contemplated departure, to the address of 'SOUTHERN SLAVE COLONY,' Jackson, Mississippi.

It is the desire of the friends of this enterprise to settle in the richest mining and agricultural portions of California, and to have the uninterrupted enjoyment of slave property. It is estimated that, by the first of May next, the members of this Slave Colony will amount to about five thousand, and the slaves to about ten thousand. The mode of effecting organization, &c., will be privately transmitted to actual members.

Jackson, Feb. 24, 1850. dtf.

What does Mr. Webster say in view of all this? 'If a proposition were now here for a government for New Mexico, and it was moved to insert a provision for the prohibition of Slavery, *I would not vote for it.*' Why not vote for it? There is a specious pretence, which is publicly proclaimed, but there is a *real reason* for it which is not mentioned!

In the face of all these facts, Mr. Webster says that these men would wish to protect the everlasting snows of Canada from the pest of Slavery by the same overspreading wing of an act of Congress.' Exactly so. If we ever annex Labrador—if we '*re-annex*' Greenland, and Kamtschatka, I would extend the Wilmot Proviso there, and exclude Slavery forever and forever.

But Mr. Webster would not 're-affirm an ordinance of nature,' nor 're-enact the will of God.' I would. I would re-affirm nothing else—enact nothing else. What is Justice but the ordinance of nature? What is Right but the will of God? When you make a law, 'Thou shalt not kill,' what do you but 're-enact the will of God? When you make laws for the security of the 'unalienable' rights of man, and protect for every man the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, are you not re-affirming an ordinance of nature? Not re-enact the will of God? Why, I would enact nothing else. The will of God is a theological term: it means Truth and Justice, in common speech. What is the theological opposite to the 'will of God?' It is '*the will of the Devil.*' One of the two you must enact—either the will of God, or of the Devil. The two are the only theological categories for such matters. *Aut Deus aut Diabolus.* There is no other alternative —'Choose you which you will serve.'

So much for the second and third questions. Let us now come to the last thing to be considered. *What laws shall be enacted relative to fugitive slaves?* Let us look at Mr. Webster's opinion on this point.

The Constitution provides—you all know that too well—that every person 'held to service or labor in one State, . . . escaping into another, shall be delivered up.' By whom shall *he be delivered up?* There are only three parties to whom this phrase can possibly apply? They are,

1. *Individual men and women*; or,
2. The *local authorities of the States concerned*; or,
3. The *Federal Government itself.*

It has sometimes been contended that the Constitution imposes an obligation on you, and me, and every other man, to deliver up fugitive slaves. But there are no laws or decisions that favor that construction. Mr. W. takes the next scheme, and says, 'I always thought that the Constitution addressed itself *to the Legislatures of the States, or to the States themselves.*' 'It seems to me that the import of the passage is, that the State itself . . . shall cause him (the fugitive) to be delivered up. That is my judgment.' But the Supreme Court, some years ago, decided otherwise—that 'the business of seeing that these fugitives are delivered up resides in the power of Congress and the national judicature.' So the matter stands now. But it is proposed to make more stringent laws relative to the return of fugitive slaves. So continues Mr. Webster—'My friend at the head of the Judiciary Committee has a bill on the subject now before the Senate, with some amendments to it, which I propose to support, with all its provisions, to the fullest extent.'

Everybody knows the act of Congress of 1793, relative to the surrender of fugitive slaves, and the decision of the Supreme Court in the 'Prigg case,' 1842. But everybody does not know the bill of Mr. Webster's 'friend at the head of the Judiciary Committee.' There is a bill providing 'for the more effectual execution of the third clause of the second section of the fourth article of the Constitution of the United States. It is as follows:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That when a person held to service or labor in any State or Territory of the United States, under the laws of such State or Territory, shall escape into any other of the said States or Territories, the person to whom such service or labor may be due, his or her agent, attorney, is hereby empowered to seize or arrest such fugitive from service or labor, and to take him or her before any Judge of the Circuit or District Courts of the United States, or before any commissioner or clerk of such courts, or marshal thereof, or before any postmaster of the United States, or collector of the customs of the United States, residing or being within such State wherein such seizure or arrest shall be made, and upon proof to the satisfaction of such judge, commissioner, clerk, postmaster, or collector, as the case may be, either by oral testimony or affidavit taken before and certified by any person authorized to administer an oath under the laws of the United States, or of any State, that the person so seized or arrested under the laws of the State or Territory from which he or she fled, owes service or labor to the person claiming him or her, it shall be the duty of such judge, commissioner, clerk, or marshal, postmaster, or collector, to give a certificate thereof to such claimant, his or her agent or attorney, which certificate shall be a sufficient warrant for taking and removing such fugitive from service or labor to the State or Territory from which he or she fled.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That when a person held to service or labor, as mentioned in the first section of this act, shall escape from such service or labor, as therein mentioned, the person to whom such service or labor may be due, his or her agent, or attorney, may apply to any one of the officers of the United States, for a warrant to seize and arrest such fugitive, and upon affidavit being made before such officer, (each of whom, for the purposes of this act, is hereby authorized to administer an oath or affirmation,) by such claimant, his or her agent, that such person does, under the laws of the State or Territory from which he or she fled, owe service or labor to such claimant, it shall be and is hereby made the duty of such officer, to and before whom such application and affidavit is made, to issue his warrant to any marshal of any of the Courts of the United States, to seize and arrest such alleged fugitive, and to bring him or her forthwith, or on a day to be named in such warrant, before the officer issuing such warrant, or either of the other officers mentioned in said first section, except the marshal to whom the said warrant is directed, which said warrant or authority the said marshal is hereby authorized and directed in all things to obey.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That any person who shall knowingly and willingly obstruct or hinder such claimant, his agent, or attorney, or any person or persons assisting him, her or them, in so serving or arresting such fugitive from service or labor, or shall rescue such fugitive from such claimant, his agent or attorney, when so arrested, pursuant to the authority herein given or declared, or shall aid, abet, or assist such person so owing service or labor to escape from such claimant, his agent or attorney, or shall harbor or conceal such person, after notice that he or she was a fugitive from labor, as aforesaid, shall, for either of the said offences, forfeit and pay the sum of one thousand dollars, which penalty may be recovered by, and for the benefit of, such claimant, by action of debt in any court proper to try the same, saving, moreover, to the person claiming such labor or service, his right of action for, on account of, the said injuries, or either of them.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That when such person is seized and arrested, under and by virtue of the said warrant, by such marshal, and is brought before either of the officers aforesaid, other than said marshal, it shall be the duty of such officer to proceed in the case of such person, in the same way that he is directed and authorized to do when such person is seized and arrested by the person claiming him, or by his

of Quintius Capitolinus, where Mr. Webster has drawn his motto:—Ante portas est bellum; si inde non pellitur, jam intra mœnia erit, et arcem et Capitolium scandet, et in domos vestras vos persequetur. The war [against the extension of Slavery, not against the Volscians, in this case,] is before your very doors: if not driven thence, it will be within your walls; [namely, it will be in California and New Mexico;] it will ascend the citadel and the capitol; [to wit, it will be in the House of Representatives and the Senate;] and it will follow you into your very homes, [that is, the curse of Slavery will corrupt the morals of the nation.]

Sedemus desides domi, mulierum ritu inter nos altercantes; præsenti pace læti, nec cernentes ex otio illo brevi multiplex bellum rediturum. We [the famous Senators of the U. S.] sit idle at home, wrangling amongst ourselves like women, [to see who shall get the lease of the Presidency,] glad of the present true, [meaning that which is brought about by a compromise,] not perceiving that for this brief cessation of trouble, a manifold war will follow, [that is, the 'horrid internecine war' which will come here, as it has been elsewhere, if Justice be too long delayed!]

It is a great question before us concerning the existence of millions of men. To many men in politics, it is merely a question of party rivalry; a question of in and out, and nothing more. To many men in cities, it is a question of commerce, like the establishment of a bank, or the building of one railroad more or less.—But to serious men, who love man and love their God, this is a question of morals, a question of religion, to be settled with no regard to party rivalry, none to floating interests of to-day, but to be settled under the awful eye of conscience, and by the just law of God.

Shall we shut up slavery or extend it? It is for us to answer. Will you deal with the question now, or leave it to your children, when the evil is ten times greater? In 1749, there was not a slave in Georgia; now, 280,000. In 1750, in all the United States, but 200,000; now, 3,000,000. In 1950, let Mr. Webster's counsels be followed, there will be 30,000,000. Thirty millions! Will it then be easier for your children to set limits to this crime against human nature, than now for you? Our fathers made a political, and a commercial, and a moral error—shall we repeat it?—They did a wrong—shall we extend and multiply the wrong? Was it an error in our fathers—not barely a wrong; was it a sin? No, not in them—they knew it not. But what in them to establish was only an error, in us to extend or foster it a sin!

Perpetuate Slavery, we cannot do it. Nothing will save it. It is girt about by a ring of fire which daily grows narrower, and sends terrible sparkles into the very centre of the shameful thing. 'Joint resolutions' cannot save it; uninstructed Senators, refusing instructions, cannot save it—no, not with all their logic, all their eloquence, which smites as an earthquake smites the sea. No, slavery cannot be saved—by no compromise, no non-intervention, no Mason's Bill in the Senate. It cannot be saved in this age of the world until you nullify every ordinance of nature, until you repeal the will of God, and dissolve the union He has made between righteousness and the welfare of a people. Then, when you displace God from the throne of the world, and instead of His eternal justice re-enact the will of the Devil, then you may keep Slavery—keep it forever, keep it in peace—not till then.

The question is, not if slavery is to cease, and soon to cease, but shall it end as it ended in Massachusetts, in New Hampshire, in Pennsylvania, in New York; or shall it end as in St. Domingo? Follow the counsel of Mr. Webster—it will end in fire and blood. God forgive us for our cowardice, if we let it come to that—when 3,000,000 or 30,000,000 of degraded human beings, degraded by us, must wade through slaughter to their unalienable rights.

Mr. Webster has spoken noble words—at Plymouth, standing on the altar-stone of New England; at Bunker Hill, the spot so early reddened with the blood of our fathers. But at this hour, when we looked for great counsel, when we forgot the paltry things which he has often done, and said, 'Now he will rouse his noble soul, and be the man his early speeches once bespoke,' who dared to fear that Olympian head would bow so low, so deeply kiss the ground? Try it morally, try it intellectually, try it by the statesman's test, world-wide justice—nay, try it by the politician's basest test, the personal expediency of to-day—it is a speech 'not fit to be made,' and when made, 'not fit to be confirmed.'

'We see dimly in the distance what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate;
But the soil is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within—
"They enslave their children's children, who make compromise with sin."'

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1850.

SIXTEENTH
ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held at the BROADWAY TABERNACLE on TUESDAY, the SEVENTH of MAY, 1850.

At no moment since the commencement of the Anti-Slavery enterprise have the devoted zeal and earnest efforts of its advocates been more needed than at this. The American Society stands now as it did at the beginning, the *sole enemies*, through all the United States, to the system of AMERICAN CHATTEL SLAVERY. The magnitude of its work, and the importance of the obstacles in the way of its accomplishment are yearly made more and more manifest, as every party and organization that have hoped to struggle against the SLAVE-POWER by consenting to compromise with it, successively retire from the contest either glorying in successful treachery or submitting to shameful defeat. A contest of near twenty years has proved that the only hopeful issue with Slavery is the demand for the IMMEDIATE AND UNCONDITIONAL EMANCIPATION OF EVERY SLAVE, and that such a consummation can never be attaind so long as we maintain a political UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

The Northern boundary of the slave States is the same to-day that it was when the American Society came into existence; its Southern is extended Westward and Southward embracing vast and fertile territories sufficient to insure its existence for centuries to come. It is something to be thankful and hopeful for that this extension has not been without a struggle, and that that struggle becomes daily more and more earnest and determined. It will be entirely successful when the North is awakened to the conviction that the ABOLITION OF SLAVERY will alone determine its extension—that a Southern and Western boundary will no longer be contended for when its Northern is destroyed.

THE ABOLITIONISTS of the AMERICAN SOCIETY alone are devoted to this work. The Annual return of the Anniversary of their organization should remind them, each and all, of the duty they have assumed, and the respon sibility which they have recognized as their own. He who does the most to make its action and its voice the most efficient will have only done the least he ought to do.

The meetings of the Society will be continued, as usual, for three days. The place of meeting will be named in future notices.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*
WENDELL PHILLIPS, SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, } *Secretaries.*

Mason's Bill and its Northern Endorsers.

A FORTNIGHT AGO we drew the attention of our readers to the atrocious bill of Mr. Mason for the easier recovery of fugitive slaves. It is a proposition of too grave a nature to be dismissed with a single notice, especially since it has found endorsers in many of the leading men of the party which, if not predominant in the nation, is at least so in its councils. A bolder invasion of the rights of personal liberty, those rights which if Civil Government fail to protect it fails of its chief office, was never made, we will not say in England under Charles I., or in Russia under Nicholas, but even in this Model of Republics. The palm of "Statesmanship" having ever been ascribed to the man who could magnify the Slave Clauses of the Constitution until they appeared to be the whole of it, and the meed of "loyalty" having ever been assigned to him who could make the public policy and political machinery of the Nation subservient to the purposes of the handful of slave-masters who rule us in virtue of their ownership in human beings, we had, perhaps, no right to be surprised at this new attempt to give efficiency to the most cruel and the most base of all the services claimed of us. That slaveholders and aspirants for offices of which the tenure is their approval should be swift to demand and to grant whatever the security or prosperity of the Institution which is, morally and politically the Corner-stone of our Republic, needs, was to be expected. But when men not immediately in the market, and who make pretensions to an average character for decency and humanity, accept th ese concessions as necessary and honorable ones, it becomes at least worth while to examine them again and see what they are.

The first clause of the Bill enacts that any person pursuing a slave, or his agent, may bring such fugitive "before any Judge of the Circuit or District Courts of the United States, or before any *Commissioner or clerk* of such Courts, or *Marshal* thereof, or before any *postmaster* of the United States, or *Collector of the Customs* of the United States, residing or being within such State where such seizure or arrest shall be made," and upon proof to the satisfaction of such official, either by oral testimony or affidavit, it shall be his duty to give the claimant a certificate which shall be his sufficient warrant for the removal of the fugitive to the State or Territory from which he fled. This is worse than the *lettres de cachet* of the old regime of France; for they at least issued from the highest authority of the Nation, and, though liable to the greatest abuses, might be rectified by the same power from which they issued. They, too, were chiefly employed for the restraint or punishment of the higher classes, which had in their wealth and social position some means of combating or mitigating the oppression of which they were the objects.—But the republican legislation proposed is aimed at the liberty of the most helpless order in the State, the most defenceless class of its citizens, and consequently the one which Society is above all things bound to protect The hearing which is granted to them is as nugatory as it is insulting. With the exception of the Circuit and District Judges, every officer thus empowered to adjudge away the liberty of a man as good as himself, and of all his posterity, is the mere creature of the National Executive, to be destroyed by the same breath that made him. How long, think ye, would a Country postmaster or a Metropolitan Collector hold his office, after the news had reached Washington that he had refused a certificate to a pursuing master? The security granted is equivalent to what a *detenu* under a *lettre de cachet* would have had in a preliminary hearing before a farmer-general or a lieutenant of police.

The second section empowers any of the aforesaid functionaries, with the exception of the Marshals, to issue his warrant to any Marshal, on the affidavit of the claimant, for the arrest of such fugitive, which warrant the Marshal is authorized and directed in all things to obey. The third section provides that any person who shall knowingly and willingly hinder and obstruct such claimant, or shall rescue such fugitive, or shall aid, abet, or assist in his escape, or shall harbour or conceal him, shall forfeit the sum of a THOUSAND DOLLARS to the claimant, his right to his action for damages being also saved to him! To this bill Mr. Mason's amendments, which justly enough entitles him to have it bear his name, although it was first proposed by Mr. Butler of South Carolina, will add the further stringency of an imprisonment of twelve months to any criminal guilty of the atrocity of aiding and abetting in the escape of a fugitive, or of harbouring and concealing him; and also forbids the testimony of the person claimed as a slave being received in any hearing on trial under this act! And this is the Bill which the great Defender of the Constitution professes his intention to vote for, to which he has no amendments to propose, and which he regards as no more than the simple duty of the State he represents (we hope, though with trembling, *misrepresents*,) to kiss and obey, as a Turkish pacha does the firman which commends his neck to the bowstring. And what is more remarkable, a considerable number of persons of respectable social standing in Boston, a few of them of distinction in the legal profession, in company with several hundreds of eminent insignificance, have given their signatures to a letter to Mr. Webster commending and thanking him for his course! Can it be possible that they have examined that which they do not hesitate thus unequivocally to commend? We are afraid that they know whereof they affirm, or care nothing about the matter. But we trust that they do not represent the general feeling of Massachusetts.

That the leaders of the Whig party had adopted the Wilmot Proviso only for the purpose of making it a burnt-offering to Slavery, every unprejudiced bystander knew from the beginning. It was caught and *cossetted* and fattened, as the brothers and sisters of Hop-'o-my-thumb were, not for any love borne to it, but that it might furnish a dainty dish for the Ogre at last. But the extension of Slavery is an evil which is to happen so far off, and to be distributed over so long a tract of future time, that it might not excite the anxiety of men, however humane in the common meaning of the term, which is only to be aroused by a near interference with the service due to their Omnipotent Deity, the Dollar. So it was nothing surprising that they should give themselves no concern for a few niggers more or less, two or three thousand miles off. But when it comes to the settlement of questions of personal liberty at their very doors, one could have hoped that they might have been affected by some dim traditions of ancestry and birthright. That they might have remembered the struggles which make up the whole of English and American history that is worth reading, for the very thing which they are applauding Daniel Webster for giving up. For what is the practical meaning of this Bill of Mason's? A man living peaceably in Massachusetts, under the boasted protection of her laws, is seized some day by a stranger, taken before the village post-master and on the affidavit of the claimant (his own affidavit not being admissable) he is delivered over to him with a certificate which secures his safe conduct through the whole country. And the judge, in almost every case, not only incompetent to try grave questions of right, or to weigh evidence should there be a conflict of testimony, but actually dependant for his daily bread on the representation the aggressor may make of his conduct to the higher powers! Why, the Star Chamber, the Court of High Commission and the Inquisition itself were fair and free tribunals compared to this proposed by Mr. Mason, seconded by Mr. Webster and cheered on by the motley train of his Boston admirers!

And, then, if any neighbours of this unhappy man should do what would be their simple duty to do, interpose to secure for him even this formality of a trial (for it will be remembered that the claimant may carry off his prey without any trial at all, if it can be done without a breach of the peace) or have given him food or shelter in his calamity, they are liable to be mulcted in the sum of A Thousand Dollars, and to be imprisoned for the space of twelve months! What a *bonus* is here offered to perjury! It is indeed Kidnapping made Easy and adapted to the level of the meanest capacities! We have not mentioned the fair construction of the Act, by which "being" and not "residing" only in the State where the capture is made, is enough to entitle a post-master or clerk to act; so that a Slave-hunter may, if he choose to be at the expense, bring his own post-master along with him, and thus secure himself from the possible fanaticism of a Yankee official. But we fear he would have little to apprehend from this danger. Such is the Villainy which Mr. Webster thinks should be "organized" into law, and for which his Boston friends, among other things, return him their humble and hearty thanks. Truly admirable is their love of peace and spirit of concession! They abandon the whole question of Slavery in the Territories on the assurance of Mr. Webster that God has prohibited its entrance there, after-he has in the same Speech learnedly proved that God has permitted it to exist in every other part of the globe; and now they are content to have the great right of personal liberty consigned to an irresponsible, and perhaps illiterate and immoral, sorter of letters! Is it surprising that the Slaveholders are never weary of demanding concessions which we are never tired of making?

But does not the Constitution provide for the extradition of fugitive Slaves, and are not those who swear to support it, bound to make provision for its execution and to perform the same? It cannot be denied. We wish it could. But we must take a distinction between those supporters of the Constitution who are willing to keep its limits strictly defined and observed, and those who are eager to extend them so as enclose every Northern right and every claim of Freedom and Humanity. It is, at least, the duty of Northern men in Congress, legislating on this subject, to see to it that proof is furnished to make it sure that the party claimed is indeed a Slave. It is base and infamous enough, at the best, to have compromised away our rights of hospitality and agreed to give up to their tyrants the victims of oppression who seek our protection; but there are no terms adequate to describe our baseness and infamy if we are content to deliver them up without a full and impartial inquiry into their condition. A trial by jury is the least that the North can with any show of decency consent to accept, as a slight protection for the safety of her citizens. This Mr. Seward has proposed to do; but it finds no favour in the eyes of Mr. Webster. How is it with his admirers? A little time will suffice to show. But how anomalous does this state of things show our absolute morality and political consistency to be, when such a question can be asked!—E. Q.

Daniel Webster in 1820, 1837, & 1850.

BURKE once quoted in the House of Commons, in allusion to Sheridan, two lines of a then popular but now forgotten song:

"Solid men of Boston make no deep potations;
Solid men of Boston make no long orations.
Bow, wow, wow,"

Could some Massachusetts antiquary discover this forgotten ballad, and set it to music, it could not fail to become again popular, at least, among a large portion of Mr. Webster's constituents, if it is all equally applicable with the above couplet. His best friends, we imagine, even those 300 'Solid men of Boston' who have recently signified their approval of the doctrine of the last long oration of the distinguished Senator, will agree that some previous ones had better have been shorter. They might perhaps be glad, to palliate, were that possible, certain discrepancies which appear in them by pleading in extenuation the depth of the other article which these solid men are exhorted to refrain from in the song.

But whether any antiquary will take upon himself to bring to light again forgotten songs, some are busily engaged in disinterring forgotten speeches—forgotten, at least, by their maker. Inconsistency is no new thing in American Statesmen, but the glaring contradiction which the Daniel Webster of 1850 gives to the Daniel Webster of former years is almost without a parallel. His 800 friends in Boston in their letter thank him for recalling them to their duties under the Constitution; are we to understand them that the doctrine which he has hitherto promulgated on this subject has rendered them forgetful of the duties they owe to the Union? If so we think they do themselves less than justice. Whatever inconsistency their great leader may have been guilty of, they are not obnoxious to a charge of a like character. The Boston 'gentlemen in broad cloth' who distinguished themselves in '35 for zeal in maintaining the compromises of the Constitution are fitly represented by the signers to the Webster letter. They are of the same class, are upholding the same sentiments, and are doubtless, in many instances, the self-same men.

The Daniel Webster of 1850 is just now before the eyes of all men. Let us look at the Daniel Webster of 1837 and 1820.

In his speech at Niblo's Saloon in this city, March 16, 1837, he said:

"I frankly avow my entire unwillingness to do anything which shall extend the Slavery of the African race on this continent, or add other slaveholding States to the Union. . . I shall do nothing, therefore, to favor or encourage its further extension. . . When it is proposed to bring new members into this political partnership, the old members have a right to say on what terms such new partners are to come in, and what they are to bring along with them. . . On the general question of Slavery, a great portion of the community is already strongly excited. The subject has not only attracted attention as a question of politics, but it has struck a far deeper toned chord It has aroused the religious feeling of the country; it has taken strong hold on the consciences of men. He is a rash man indeed, and little conversant with human nature, and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country, who supposes that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with, or despised. It will assuredly cause itself to be respected.

From his speech at Plymouth Rock, December 22d, 1820, we quote the passage which has illuminated the pages of many an Anti-Slavery publication. It is none the less apposite that it names the *African* Slave Trade, for it would task even his intellect to show that that can be worse than the Slave Trade which he would create by the admission of four new slave States into the Union:

"I deem it my duty on this occasion to suggest, that the land is not wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must forever revolt—I mean the African slave trade. Neither public sentiment, nor the law, has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God, in his mercy, has blessed the Christian world with an universal peace, there is reason to fear, that to the disgrace of the christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade, by subjects and citizens of christian States, in whose hearts no sentiment of humanity or justice inhabits, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercise a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave trader is a pirate and a felon; and in the sight of heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter part of our history, than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government, at an early day and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all true sons of New England, to cooperate with the laws of man, and the justice of Heaven. If there be within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the Rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those, who by stealth, and at midnight, labor in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.

"I would invoke those who fill the seats of justice, and all who administer at her alter, that they execute the wholesome and necessary severity of the law. I invoke the ministers of our religion, that they proclaim its denunciation of these crimes, and add its solemn sanctions to the authority of human laws. If the pulpit be silent, whenever or wherever there may be a sinner bloody with this guilt, within the hearing of its voice, the pulpit is false to its trust. I call on the fair merchant, who has reaped his harvest upon the seas, that he assist in scourging from those seas the worst pirates which ever infested them. That ocean, which seems to wave with a gentle magnificence to waft the burdens of an honest commerce, and to roll along its treasures with a conscious pride; that ocean, which hardy industry regards, even when the winds have ruffled its surface, as a field of grateful toil; what is it to the victim of this oppression, when he is brought to its shores, and looks forth upon it, for the first time, from beneath chains, and bleeding with stripes? What is it to him, but a wide spread prospect of suffering, anguish and death? Nor do the skies smile longer, nor is the air longer fragrant to him. The sun is cast down from heaven. An inhuman and accursed traffic has cut him off in his manhood, or in his youth, from every enjoyment belonging to his being, and every blessing which his Creator intended for him.

"The christian communities send forth their emissaries of religion and letters, who stop, here and there, along the coast of the vast continent of Africa, and with painful and tedious efforts, make some almost imperceptible progress in the communication of knowledge, and in the general improvement of the natives who are immediately about them. Not thus slow and imperceptible is the transmission of the vices and bad passions which the subjects of christian States carry to the land. The slave trade having touched the coast, its influence and its evils spread, like a pestilence, over the whole continent, making savage wars more savage, and more frequent, and adding new and fierce passions to the contests of barbarians.

"I pursue this topic no further; except again to say, that all Christendom being now blessed with peace, is bound by everything which belongs to its character, and to the character of the present age, to put a stop to this inhuman and disgraceful traffic."

A NEW COMPROMISE is under consideration at Washington by which the whole question of Slavery is to be settled by connecting the admission of California with the organization of New Mexico and Deseret. Of this scheme Mr. Clay is said to be the author, Mr. Webster is reported to have signified his acquiescence in it, and it will receive the support of all the Southern Senators, except Mr. Benton, and some of those of the Democratic party of the North. Mr. Benton stands out against it, strengthened, of course, in this position, by the Free Soil Senators. A debate in relation to it ensued on Monday which will be found in another column. That such a settlement of the question may be made is highly probable, as by it the North yields everything and the South nothing, it being settled past doubt that California comes in as a Free State or not at all.

MR. JOHN M. BARRETT, who was so long confined in jail by the heroic people of Spartanburgh, S. C., on suspicion of holding correspondence with somebody in another State who held opinions unfriendly to the social system of that State, died at Dublin, Ia., on the 2nd ult. He died, says the *New Castle Courier*, of a disease engendered during his long and cruel imprisonment, and fell "a victim to the dark and bloody spirit of Slavery, whose path is strewn with human lives, and crushed hopes, and bleeding affections, and the tearful aggregation of every human wo and misery."

It seems to us, that with a calm and benevolent consideration of the case, it cannot be difficult to comply with the demands of the Constitution, and at the same time secure the emancipation of nearly every slave that escapes into the free States. We have no sympathy with "grand larceny Abolitionists," as Mr. Whiting at the great Castle Garden meeting termed the men who are engaged in "running off" slaves from their masters; neither do we expect the co-operation of such men in any honorable measure for the welfare of the slave. But to men of a different stamp,—to "pro-slavery" men as they are usually termed by the fanatics,—we submit the suggestion, whether an "Emancipation Society" might not be formed in each of the free States, with branches in the various counties, for the special purpose of providing for the purchase of re-captured slaves. If such societies were got up and conducted in a proper manner we have no doubt that they would find in the masters of re-captured slaves, a disposition to concur in their benevolent views, and that in most cases the slaves would be sold at less than their market value. A better way still might be, for the *Legislature* of each free State to provide a contingent fund for the purchase and emancipation of re-captured slaves. The expense would not be very great, and the greater it was, the more slaves would be emancipated. Here now is a chance to test the practical philanthropy of men.

So said the *Journal of Commerce* a week or two ago.—Has it got up its 'Emancipation Society?' We want to know that we may send it some business. We have a case on hand at this moment of a woman who wants to buy her daughter. She is not to-be-sure, a fugitive, but that is only for want of ability. She would run away if she could.—That she has not, of course, will entitle her all the more to the sympathies of the *Journal* and its Society. We shall send her immediately to the office of that paper.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S new poem of 'The Building of the Ship,' which Mrs. Fanny Kemble is reading into some celebrity, contains the following lines among those alluding to the Union, and which have received the most praise:

"We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!"

In 'The Tiger' in William Blake's remarkable 'Songs of Experience,' which, by the bye, have never been republished in this country, are the two following striking stanzas:

"And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thine heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet!

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?"

—There is certainly a good deal of similarity of imagery, if not of language, in the passage of Mr. Longfellow's poem to these forcible lines of Blake's, especially to the last four—a similarity for which Blake is not responsible, he having died more than twenty years ago. It may be, however, that in this case as in one or two others, if our memory serves us right, Mr. Longfellow has unconsciously made use of the thought of another without intending plagiarism. We wish he had adopted altogether the idea of Blake's poem of 'The Tiger,' to exemplify the character of the Union rather than that of 'The Building of the Ship.' There would have been more truth in it, and therefore, notwithstanding the adage, more poetry.

"AN AUTHORIZED EDITION" of Mr. Webster's Speech has been published in Boston with a dedication in Latin to the People of Massachusetts. The time probably is not far distant when Mr. Webster will wish that the whole speech, as well as the Dedication, had been in a dead language.

☞HON. WM. H. SEWARD and HON. JOHN P. HALE of the United States Senate will accept our acknowledgements for copies of 'Public Documents.'

—Our thanks are also due to Hon. J. R. GIDDINGS, and Hon. O. B. MATTERSON of the House for similar favors.

New Publications.

THE MODERN HOUSEWIFE: *By Alexis Soyer.* We do not copy in full the voluminous title of this book, which, edited by an 'American Housekeeper,' Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have given to the American public, for no one, at all familiar with the current literature of the day, can be ignorant of the character of M. Soyer's great work. Macaulay's History has hardly received more attention in English newspapers, and no less, certainly, would have been paid to to the Modern Housewife in this country had it fallen to its lot also to be published by the Messrs. Harpers in the Connecticut language. The intrinsic value of the two works can perhaps hardly be compared, as the living belly of the present generation and the deeds of the ages that are past cannot be easily meted by the same measure. Each has its value, however, and will be preferred according to the relative size and activity of paunch and brain in different readers.

Stomachs, nevertheless, are things of no little consequence, especially while we are alive, though their deeds are not that wherewithal history is made when they have themselves become food for worms. If we remove at all from the simplicity of nature in this matter, the farther we remove the better, provided always that each step brings us nearer to the perfection of cookery. If we cook at all let us cook well; if we eat made dishes, let them be well made; if we feed on flesh let it be as tender as grass, without taking it for granted that it must be so without the cook's help to fulfil the prophets. And, unless like certain *illuminati* of New England of half a dozen years ago, we eschew altogether all such vegetables as grow downward, lest such be our own tendency, our turnips and potatoes had better be in that condition most favorable to chewing; if our food be only of those things that aspire, as wheat and other corn—if man can live by bread alone—it will be well, for our own raising, to know best how to raise our bread; nay, 'here's yet in the word hereafter; the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking.' All which things, and even to the eating, are duly considered by M. Soyer, whom American housewives, as well as English, will now and long hold in remembrance for edification and entertainment.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE: *Leonard Scott & Co., Fulton st.* It is hardly proper to say that this is an unusually good No. of a Magazine, of which there is never a poor one, but it is certainly true that there is not one paper in it that is not well worth reading. That upon a late case of Court Martial, and that upon the Opening of the Session possess the least interest to the American reader, but neither of them are without their peculiar value. Those who monthly peruse its pages will find interesting Nos. of the Serials in the course of publication, and the occasional reader will rarely find anything more amusing in a volume of Blackwood than the Barbarian Rambles.

Communications.

Grand River Anti-Slavery Society.

MESOPOTAMIA, March 8, 1850.

To the Editor of the Anti-Slavery Bugle:

Pursuant to the notice given, a meeting convened at Mesopotamia on the 1st of March R. G. Porter was appointed chairman, and C. Williams Secretary. After a full and free interchange of opinion, the Meeting formed an Anti-Slavery Society, to be governed by the following constitution:

Art. 1st. This Society shall be called the Grand River Anti-Slavery Society, and embrace within the limits of its operations the eastern part of the Geauga, northwestern part of Trumbull, and the southwestern part of Ashtabula and vicinity, and shall be auxiliary to the Western and American Anti-Slavery Societies.

Art. 2d. The officers of the Society shall be a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, and six Councillors, to be elected annually; the President, Secretary, Treasurer and Councillors constituting an Executive Committee to transact such business as may be entrusted to it by the Society, and five of them shall constitute a quorum.

Art. 3d. Quarterly meetings of the Society shall be held for the transaction of business, to be notified by the Executive Committee.

Art. 4th. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to appoint three persons in each Township to collect funds for the Society, to procure subscribers for Anti-Slavery papers, collect accounts for same when furnished by the Secretary, and perform such other business for the Society as they may be called upon to transact.

Art. 5th. Persons may become members of the Society by signing the Constitution, and co-operating with us in our efforts to abolish Slavery.

Art. 6th. This constitution may be amended at any annual meeting of the Society.

The following officers were then chosen:

Caleb Green, of Southington, President; R. G. Porter, of Middlefield, Vice President; C. Williams, of Mesopotamia, Secretary; Alexander Glen, of Bundysburgh, Treasurer; Aaron Hatch, of Mesopotamia, Daniel Bower, D. A. Bacon, and Mrs. R. G. Porter, of Middlefield, Councilors.

The meeting then adjourned to meet at such times as J. W. Walker could be present, at which time the balance of the officers to be chosen.

CALEB GREEN, President.
C. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

Congressional.

SENATE...WASHINGTON, Monday, April 8.

After the presentation of numerous petitions reports from Committees, and the transaction of the morning business, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the special order—Mr. Foote's motion to refer Mr. Bell's resolution to the Committee of thirteen.

Mr. DOUGLASS gave notice that, after Mr. Benton should have concluded his speech, he would ask the Senate to take up the California bill.

Mr. BENTON proceeded to address the Senate:—"it was proposed to make the admission of California a part of a system of measures for the settlement of the whole question of slavery agitation. He was opposed to this mixing of subjects having no affinities, and in favor of giving California admission a separate consideration and decision, upon its own merits. She was a state, and should not be mixed up with anything below the dignity of a state. She had washed her hands of slavery at home, and should not be mixed up with it abroad. He was opposed to mixing the question of admitting California with all the questions which the slavery agitation had produced, and making one general settlement of the whole, in the nature of a compact or compromise. The subjects are:—First. The creation of Territorial Governments in New Mexico and the remaining parts of California. Second. The creation of a new state of TEXAS, reduction of her boundaries, settlement of her dispute with New Mexico, and cession of her surplus territory to the United States. Third. Recapture of fugitive slaves. Fourth. Suppression of slavery, in the District of Columbia. Fifth. Abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. Sixth. Abolition of the slave trade in the United States, and a non-enumerated catalogue of oppressions, digressions and encroachments upon the South. This was the list of subjects, and he was against the mixture for reasons which apply to the whole in a lump, and to each separate ingredient. California had the right to be treated as other states have been, when asking admission into the Union, none of which have been subjected to the indignity of having their application coupled with the decision of inferior and foreign questions. He objected to it on the principle of fair legislation, which required every measure to stand upon its own merits. He objected, on account of the nature of the subjects to be coupled with California—all angry, distracting and threatening the Union with dissolution, while her application is calm, conciliatory, and promising to strengthen the Union. He objected, because California had objected to it. She had provided, in her Constitution, that no Legislative Act should contain more than one subject, and that to be expressed in the title. He next considered his objections to the connection of each of the proposed measures, with the question of the admission of California. The question of Territorial Governments brought up the Wilmot Proviso, the principle involved in which had already been settled by California for herself, for the purpose of removing all impediment to her admission. How unjust, then, to connect it with the question of her admission—to make her admission dependent upon the precedent settled with respect to two neighboring territories. The Proviso involved the controverted constitutionality, and therefore should not be mixed up with a subject clearly, and beyond doubt, constitutional. He was ready to vote for Governments to the Territories, and believed that Slavery was extinct in New Mexico and all California, and cannot be revived in any part of either, without positive enactments. He was ready to vote them benefits, without any provision on the subject of slavery, but would not mix the question. He was ready to vote upon the Texas question, and to vote upon the proposition for the recapture of fugitive slaves, but not to tie them to a proposition for the admission of a new State. California had nothing to do with these questions, and no interest or connection with them whatever. For sixty years the question of slavery in the District of Columbia, and slavery in the States has remained untouched; therefore, there were no reasons for the agitations and fears professed in the slave States. He desired to do with all these questions as Congress had done for sixty years—let them alone.—The fact that the slave market is as good and better now than 60 years ago was an evidence that there is no danger to the rights of the slave states. Not only was there no danger, but he argued that Congress had, by the aid of the North, added slave territory, and thus shown its disposition to build up, instead of defeating, the slaveholding interest. As to the expediency of giving all these subjects to a Committee, he asserted that all their nostrums would be useless. If the good faith of Congress, so long proved could not protect the rights of the states, nothing could. He reviewed the history of the admission of new states, and commented upon it to show that no slave state had ever been treated as it was proposed to treat California. He considered the question of boundaries—contending that those of California were correct and natural. The State could not be divided. He alluded to, and commented, with much point on the views expressed by Mr. Clay, last, by which he warned the friends of California, that the speediest way of getting California within the Union would be, by coupling her with other measures, because otherwise there was a combination which would defeat the measure. He objected to this capitulation by Congress, to a faction, in Congress, or by private combination. It was dishonorable, and his motto was, "honor first, peace afterward," but for no peace with dishonor. He commented upon the anomalous condition of California, her urgent necessities, and the strong necessity for immediate measures for her relief, and closed with an eloquent allusion to the destiny of the country on the Pacific.

Mr. Clay submitted a few remarks in relation to his position on the California question. The only difference between him and Mr. Benton was that he believed California would be most speedily admitted in combination with other measures; while the Senator from Missouri believed that California would be most successful as an independent measure. In support of his own position, Mr. Clay alluded to the facts of the case as they now present themselves for the purpose of showing he was right. He disapproved most heartily of the combination of a minority, by which they would resort to legislative expedients to defeat action upon a measure which might be forced upon them. He condemned all this—he was in favor of meeting argument with argument, reason by reason, and when he found himself in a minority to submit; but there were others who thought differently, who thought proper to resort to any and all expedients to defeat a measure, and such being the fact that they must take a man as he is with all his infirmities and act accordingly. The senator from Missouri had argued that there was a design to press many and incongruous measures in a sort of omnibus bill—the argument was unfair—no one proposed to unite more than the admission of California as a state, the establishment of Territorial Governments, and perhaps the settlement of the boundary of Texas. The senator had also argued that by uniting the question of California with the settlement of the Texas question, depending upon the consent of the latter State, Texas would be given a veto power to the admission of California. The argument was unsound—the proposition was to place these measures in separate sections of the same bill, and in case of the failure of one proposition, because of the want of consent of third parties, the remainder would stand. He denied that California is a state—she never could be such until she received the sanction and seal of Congress, who might to-morrow enact her into a territory. He had no idea that California would try the hazardous experiment of separating from the parental authority, to set up for herself, as has been said, a Republic on the Pacific, and if she did attempt it, he had do doubt the common authority would bring her back to her allegiance. How does the matter stand? The sisters, New Mexico, California and Utah, all came here together, at the last session; since then California had made a runaway match, and after having taken as large a quantity of the common patrimony as she pleased, now comes here again, with her two sisters, and with an air of disdain cocks her nose, and asks if she is to be associated with those sisters? [Great laughter.] He was constrained to exclaim, "Great God! upon what meat has this our Cæsar fed, that he has grown so large!" [Renewed laughter.] The senator, in objecting to a combination of measures, seemed to have forgotten the case of his own state, whose admission was coupled with the Missouri Compromise, which was a fact, a fundamental law, to control the further destiny of Territories. The proposition now pending was to settle the question in controversy by compromise. He was in favor of honorable compromise, especially between brethren, where, if we concede anything, it is to our brother, our own countrymen. Life itself was but a compromise between life and death, the struggle going on almost through the whole period, until the destroyer is at last successful.

Mr. Benton rejoined, contending that the admission of Missouri was provided for in a joint resolution, containing nothing but the act of admission; and the law to which these matters had referred simply provided for the assembling of a Convention to form a Constitution. [The remainder of his remarks were quite inaudible.]

Mr. Foote remarked, that his motion to refer to a Select Committee, who should report a bill or otherwise, without any direction to them to connect the two or more subjects in any one bill, but to make such reports as seem to them best.

After consideration, Mr. Douglas, for the purpose of getting a test vote, moved to lay Mr. Foote's motion on the table, with a view to take up the California bill.

Mr. Cass was in favor of the Committe, because it was one more chance for the settlement of the disturbing questions. The objection to the reference seemed to be, the fear that the Committee would reported the subjectsin one bill; that was, as yet, only our imagining evil. If the Committee did so report, the subject was still in the hands of the Senate, and they could separate as readily as the Committee could unite. The admission of California was a fixed fact, a foregone conclusion, and no one would say that it would not be accomplished during this session, no matter how unpleasant it might be to some.

Mr. Hale said he understood a compromise to be something in which each party yielded and received something. How did that apply to this case? How was there to be a compromise in the case of California, when everybody was for it, and nobody was against her? In the next place he was opposed to the resolution for a reason founded on the face of it. It is a Committee to settle all the questions growing out of Slavery. If so, say so—let us know it. Is the fact that a State presents herself here, with a free Constitution, excluding Slavery, to be a question growing out of Slavery? to be thrown into a hotch-potch with a bill for catching runaway negroes, and the Lord knows what? If so—if this is after all the denials heretofore made, the objection to the admission of California, say, or let us know it, that we may act accordingly. He was opposed to the pending proposition also, because it has been said that Slavery in California and Territories was settled by the Law of God—an irrevocable decree. The Senate then had no right to compromise that Law.

Mr. Cass also expressed the opinion that California would come in, most speedily, by her connection with other measures.

Mr. Smith agreed that it was a foregone conclusion that California would be admitted, It was an equal foregone conclusion, that no Territorial bill containing the Wilmot Proviso can pass either House at this session.

Poetry.

THE TOWN CHILD AND THE COUNTRY CHILD.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

CHILD of the country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born, like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new;
Fed, 'mid the May-flowers, like the bee,
Nurs'd to sweet music on the knee,
Lull'd in the breast to that glad tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June:
I sing of thee,—'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the town! for thee I sigh;
A gilded roof's thy golden sky—
A carpet is thy daisied sod—
A narrow street thy boundless road—
Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp
Of watchmen—thy best light's a lamp—
Through smoke, and not through trellised vines,
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines.
I sing of thee in sadness; where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair?

Child of the country! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet:
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee.
The bush o'er which the throstle sung,
In April, while she nursed her young,
The den beneath the sloe-thorn where
She bred her twins the timorous hare;
The knoll wrought o'er with wild blue bells
Where brown bees build their balmy cells,
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool;
The shilfa's nest, that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree;
And other marvels which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the town! for thee, alas!
Glad nature spreads nor flowers nor grass;
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run:
A Maypole is thy blossom'd tree,
A beetle is thy murmuring bee;
Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
The poulterer dwells, beside thy hare;
Thy fruit is plucked, and by the pound
Hawk'd clamorous all the city round,
No roses twin-born on the stalk,
Perfume thee in thy evening walk;
No voice of birds—but to thee comes
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And startling cries such as are rife
When wine and wassail waken strife.

Child of the country! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn;
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the winds of spring;
Bright as the sun, when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trouts in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree,
For climbing sake 'Tis sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Child of the town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet;
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles;
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak;
And thou art cabined and confined
At once from sun and dew and wind,
Or set thy tottering feet but on
Thy lengthen'd walks of slippery stone;
The coachman there careering reels
With goaded steeds and maddening wheels,
While flushed with wine and stung at play,
Men rush from darkness into day!
The stream's too strong for thy small bark,
There naught can sail save what is stark.

Fly from the town, sweet child! for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread,
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God.

GRAY'S ODE ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The attic warbler* pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring;
While, whispering pleasures as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade,
Where'er the rude or moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade.
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herd's repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colors dressed;
Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chilled by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

*The swallow.

From the Evening Post.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Pull down that standard of the free,
Tear out its stripes and stars;
And nail, in base submission now,
Its bullet-holes and scars.

Aye! trample on the worthless flag,
And chain that eagle fast,
Who shrieked defiance at a king,
In hours of peril past.

Ne'er let that proud bird soar again,
Or scream o'er well-fought field;
But let old England learn at last,
That Freedom's sons can yield.

Think not again of olden days,
When proud he swept the sea,—
But strike him from the shatter'd mast—
He cannot guard the free.

S M. LEGGETT.

Miscellany.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

"THE ACCOMMODATION BILL."

SUCH of the incidents of the following narrative as did not fall within my own personal observation, were communicated to me by the late Mr. Ralph Symonds, and the dying confessions of James Hornby, one of the persons killed by the falling in of the iron roof of the Brunswick Theatre. A conversation the other day with a son of Mr. Symonds, who has been long settled in London, recalled the entire chain of circumstances to my memory with all the vivid distinctness of a first impression.

One evening towards the close of the year 1806, the Leeds coach brought Mr. James Hornby to the village of Pool, on the Wharf, in the West-Riding of Yorkshire. A small but respectable house on the confines of the place had been prepared for his reception, and a few minutes after his descent from the top of the coach, the pale, withered-looking man disappeared within it. Except for occasional trips to Otley, a small market-town about three miles from Pool, he rarely afterwards emerged from its seclusion. It was not *Time*, we shall presently see—he was indeed but four-and-forty years of age—that had bowed his figure, thinned his whitening hair, and banished from his countenance all signs of healthy, cheerful life. This, too, appeared to be the opinion of the gossips of the village, who, congregated, as usual, to witness the arrival and departure of the coach, indulged, thought Mr. Symonds, who was an inside passenger proceeding on to Otley, in remarkable free-and-easy commentaries upon the past, present, and future of the new comer.

"I mind him well," quavered an old white-haired man. "It's just three-and-twenty years ago last Michaelmas. I remember it because of the hard frost two years before, that young Jim Hornby left Otley to go to Lunnon; just the place, I'm told, to give the finishing polish to such a miscreant as he seemed likely to be. He was just out of his time to old Hornby, his uncle, the grocer."

"He that's left him such heaps of money?"

"Ay, boy, the very same, though he wouldn't have given him or any one else a cheese-paring whilst he lived. This one is a true chip of the old block, I'll warrant. You noticed that he rode outside, bitter cold as it is?"

"Surely, Gaffer Aicks. But do ye mind what it was he went off in such a skurry for? Tom Harris was saying last night at the Horse-Shoe it was something concerning a horse-race or a young woman; he warn't quite sensible which."

"I can't say," rejoined the more ancient oracle, "that I quite mind all the ups and downs of it.—Henry Burton horsewhipped him on the Doncaster race-course, *that* I know; but whether it was about Cinderella that had, they said, been tampered with the night before the race, or Miss Elizabeth Gainsford, whom Burton married a few weeks afterwards, I can't, as Tom Harris says, quite clearly remember."

"Old Hornby had a heavy grip of Burton's farm for a long time before he died, they were saying yesterday at Otley. The sheepskins will now no doubt be in the nephew's strong box."

"True, lad; and let's hope Master Burton will be regular with his payments; for if not, there's Jail and Ruin for him written in capital letters on yon fellow's cast-iron phiz, I can see."

The random hits of these Pool gossips which were here interrupted by the departure of the coach, were not very wide of the mark. James Hornby, it was quite true, had been publicly horse-whipped twenty-three years before by Henry Burton on the Doncaster race-course, ostensibly on account of the sudden withdrawal of a horse that should have started, a transaction with which young Hornby was in some measure mixed up; but especially and really for having dared, upon the strength of presumptive heirship to his uncle's wealth, to advance pretensions to the fair hand of Elizabeth Gainsford, the eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Gainsford, surgeon of Otley—pretensions indirectly favored, it was said, by the father, but contemptuously repudiated by the lady. Be this as it may, three weeks after the races, Elizabeth Gainsford became Mrs. Burton, and James Hornby hurried off to London, grudgingly furnished for the journey by his uncle. He obtained a situation as shopman in one of the large grocer establishments of the metropolis; and twenty-three years afterwards, the attorney's letter, informing him that he had succeeded to all his deceased uncle's property, found him in the same place, and in the same capacity.

A perfect yell of delight broke from the lips of the taciturn man as his glance devoured the welcome intelligence. "At last!" he shouted with maniacal glee; and fiercely crumpling the letter in his hand, as if he held a living foe in his grasp, whilst a flash of fiendish passion broke from the deep caverns of his sunken eyes—"at last I have thee on the hip! Ah, mine enemy?—it is the dead—the dead alone that never return to hurl back on the head of the wrongdoer the shame, the misery, the ruin he inflicted in his hour of triumph!" The violence of passions suddenly unreined after years of jealous curb and watchfulness, for a moment overcame him, and he reeled as if fainting into a chair. The fierce, stern nature of the man soon mastered the unwonted excitement, and in a few minutes he was cold, silent, impassible as ever. The letter which he despatched the same evening gave calm, business orders as to his uncle's funeral, and other pressing matters upon which the attorney had demanded instructions, and concluded by intimating that he should be in Yorkshire before many days elapsed. He arrived, as we have seen, and took up his abode at one of the houses bequeathed to him in Pool, which happened to be unlet.

Yes, for more than twenty years James Hornby had savagely brooded over the shame and wrong inflicted on him before the eyes of a brutal crowd by Henry Burton. Ever as the day's routine business closed, and he retired to the dull solitude of his chamber, the last mind-picture which faded on his waking sense was the scene on the crowded race-course, with all its exasperating accessories—the merciless exultation of the triumphant adversary—the jibes and laughter of his companions—the hootings of the mob—to be again repeated with fantastic exaggeration in the dreams which troubled and perplexed his broken sleep. No wonder that the demands of Revenge and Hate, by whom he was thus goaded, should have withered by their poisonous breath the healthful life which God had given—have blasted with a premature old age a body rocked with curses to unblessed repose! It seemed, by his after confessions, that he had really loved Elizabeth Gainsford with all the energies of his violent, moody nature, and that her image, fresh, lustrous, radient as in the dawn of life, unceasingly haunted his imagination with visions of tenderness and beauty lost to him, as he believed, through the wiles, the calumnies, and violence of his detested, successful rival.

The matronly person who, a few days after the Christmas following Hornby's arrival at Pool, was conversing with her husband in the parlor of Grange farm-house, scarcely realized the air-drawn image which dwelt in the memory of the unforgiving, unforgetting man. Mrs. Burton was at this time a comely dame, whose *embonpoint* contour, however indicative of florid health and serenity of temper, exhibited little of the airy elegance and grace said to have distinguished the girlhood of Elizabeth Gainsford. Her soft brown eyes were gentle and kind as ever, but the brilliant lights of youth no longer sparkled in their quiet depths, and time had not only "thinned her flowing hair"—necessitating caps—but had brushed the roses from her cheeks, and swept away, with his searing hand, the pale lilies from the furtive coverts whence they had glanced in tremulous beauty, in life's sweet prime; yet for all that, and a great deal more, Mrs. Burton, I have no manner of doubt, looked charmingly in the bright fire blaze which gleamed in chequered light and shade upon the walls, pictures, curtains of the room, and the green leaves and scarlet berries of the Christmas holly with which it was profusely decorated. Three of her children—the eldest, Elizabeth, a resuscitation of her own youth—were by her side, and opposite sat her husband, whose frank, hearty countenance seemed to sparkle with careless mirth.

"Hornby will be here presently, Elizabeth," said he. "What a disappointment awaits the rascally curmudgeon! His uncle was a prince compared to him."

"Disappointment, Henry! to receive four hundred pounds he did not expect?"

"Ay, truly, dame. Lawyer Symond's son Frank, a fine good-hearted young fellow as ever stepped in shoe-leather—— Lizzy, girl, if that candle were nearer your face it would light without a match."—

"Nonsense, father!"

"Very likely. Frank Symonds, I was saying, believes, and so does his father, that Hornby would rejoice at an opportunity of returning with interest the smart scorn I marked upon his back three-and-twenty years ago."

"It was a thoughtless, cruel act, Henry," replied his wife, "and the less said of it the better. I hope the fright we have had will induce you to practice a better economy than heretofore; so that, instead of allowing two years' interest to accumulate upon us, we may gradually reduce the mortgage."

"That we will, dear, depend upon it. We shall be pushed a little at first: Kirkshaw, who lent me the two hundred and fifty, can only spare it a month: but no doubt the bank will do a bill for part of it by that time. But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Here is the money for Hornby at all events: and here at last comes the shrivelled anatomy; I hear his horse. Fanny, light the candles."

If Mrs. Burton had consciously or unconsciously entertained the self-flattering notion that the still unwedded bachelor who had unsuccessfully wooed her nearly a quarter of a century before, still retained a feeling of regretful tenderness for her, she must have been grievously surprised by the cold, unrecognizing glance which Hornby threw on her as he entered, and curtly replied to her civil greeting. That was not the image stamped upon his heart and brain! But when her eldest daughter approached the lights to place paper and pens upon the table, the flashing glance and white quivering lip of the grave visitor revealed the tempest of emotion which for an instant shook him. He quickly suppressed all outward manifestation of feeling, and in a dry business tone demanded if Mr. Burton was ready to pay the interest of the mortgage."

"Yes, thank God," replied Burton, "I am: here is the money in notes of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. Count them!"

Hornby bent down over the notes, shading his face with his hand, as if more accurately to examine them, and the glance of baffled rage which swept across his features was not observed.

"They are quite right," he said, rising from his chair; "and here is your receipt."

"Very good! And now, Hornby, let us have a glass of wine together for the sake of old times. Well, well; you need not look so fierce about it. Let bygones be bygones, I say. Oh, if you *will* go—go in God's name! Good-night!"

"Good night!"

"Baffled—foiled!" muttered Hornby as he rode homeward. "Where could he get the money? Borrowed it, doubtless; but of whom? Well, patience—patience! I shall grip thee yet, Henry Burton!" And the possessed man turned round in his saddle, and shook his clenched hand in the direction of the house he had quitted. He then steadily pursued his way, and soon regained his hermitage.

The month for which Burton had borrowed the two hundred and fifty pounds passed rapidly—as months always do to borrowers—and expedient after expedient for raising the money was tried in vain. This money must be repaid. Kirkshaw had emphatically told him, on the day stipulated. Burton applied to the bank at Leeds with which he usually did business, to discount an acceptance, guaranteed by one or two persons whose names he mentioned. The answer was the usual civil refusal to accept the proffered security for repayment—"the bank was just then full of discounts." Burton ventured, as a last resource, to call on Hornby with a request that, as the rapid advance in the market-value of land consequent on the high war-prices obtained for its produce, had greatly increased the worth of Grange Farm, he would add the required sum to the already existing mortgage. He was met by a prompt refusal. Mr. Hornby intended to foreclose as speedily as possible the mortgage he already held, and invest his capital in more profitable securities. "Well, then, would he lend the amount at any interest he chose?"

"The usury laws," replied Hornby, with his usual saturnine sneer, "would prevent my acceptance of your obliging offer, even if I had the present means, which I have not. My spare cash happens just now to be temporarily locked up."

Burton, half-crazed with anxiety, went the following day to the Leeds bank with the proffer of a fresh name agreed to be lent him by its owner. Useless! "They did not know the party." The applicant mused a few moments, and then said, "Would you discount the note of Mr. James Hornby of Pool?"

"Certainly; with a great deal of pleasure." Burton hurried away; had his horse instantly saddled, and galloped off to Pool. Hornby was at home.

"You hinted the other day," said Burton, "that if you had not been short of present means you might have obliged me with the loan I required."

"Did I."

"At least I so understood you. I am of course not ignorant, Mr. Hornby, that there is no good blood between us two; but I also know that you are fond of money, and that you are fully aware that I am quite safe for a few hundred pounds. I am come, therefore, to offer you ten pounds *bonus* for your acceptance at one month for two hundred and fifty pounds."

"What?" exclaimed Hornby, with strange vehemence. "What?"

Burton repeated his offer, and Hornby turned away towards the window without speaking.

When he again faced Burton, his countenance wore its usual color; but the expression of his eyes, the applicant afterwards remembered, was wild and exulting.

"Have you a bill stamp?"

"Yes."

"Then draw a bill at once, and I will accept it."

Burton did not require to be twice told. The bill was quickly drawn; Hornby took it to another table at the further end of the apartment, slowly wrote his name across it, folded, and returned it to Burton, who tendered the ten pounds he had offered, and a written acknowledgement that the bill had been drawn and accepted for his (Burton's) accommodation.

"I don't want your money, Henry Burton," said Hornby, putting back the note and the memorandum. "I am not afraid of losing by this transaction. You do not know me yet."

"A queer stick," thought Burton, as he gained the street; "but Old Nick is seldom so black as he's painted! He was a plaguy while, I thought signing his name; but I wish I could sign mine to such good purpose."

Burton laid the accepted bill, face downwards, on the bank counter, took a pen, endorsed, and passed it to the managing clerk. The grayheaded man glanced sharply at the signature, and then at Burton. "Why, surely this is not Mr. Hornby's signature? It does not at all resemble it!"

"Not his signature!" exclaimed Burton, "what do you mean by that?"

"Reynolds, look here," continued the clerk, addressing another of the bank *employees*. Reynolds looked, and his immediate glance of surprise and horror at Burton revealed the impression he had formed.

"Please to step this way, Mr. Burton, to a private apartment," said the manager.

"No—no, I won't," stammered the unfortunate man, over whose mind a dreadful suspicion had glanced with the suddenness of lightning. "I will go back to Hornby;" and he made a desperate but vain effort to snatch the fatal instrument. Then, pale and staggerring with a confused terror and bewilderment, he attempted to rush into the street. He was stopped with the help of the bystanders, by one of the clerks, who had jumped over the counter for the purpose.

The messenger despatched by the bankers to Hornby returned with an answer that the alleged acceptance was a forgery. It was stated on the part of Mr. Hornby that Mr. Burton had indeed requested him to *lend* two hundred and fifty pounds, but he had refused. The frantic asseverations of poor Burton were of course disregarded, and he was conveyed to jail. An examination took place the next day before the magistrates, and the result was, that the prisoner was fully committed on the then capital charge for trial at the ensuing assize.

It were useless, as painful, to dwell upon the consternation and agony which fell upon the dwellers at Grange Farm when the terrible news reached them. A confident belief in the perfect innocence of the prisoner, participated by some persons who knew his character and that of Hornby, and that it would be triumphantly vindicated on the day of trial, which rapidly approached, alone enabled them to bear up against the blow, and to await with trembling hope the verdict of a jury.

It was at this crisis of the drama that I became an actor in it. I was retained for the defence by my long-known and esteemed friend Symonds, whose zeal for his client, stimulated by strong personal friendship, knew no bounds. The acceptance, he informed me, so little resembled Hornby's handwriting, that if Burton had unfolded the bill when given back to him by the villain, he could hardly have failed to suspect the nature of the diabolical snare set for his life.

In those days, and until Mr., now Sir Robert Peel's amendment of the criminal law and practice of this country, the acceptor of a bill of exchange, on the principle that he was *interested* in denying the genuineness of the signature, could not according to the English law of evidence, be called, on the part of the prosecution, to prove the forgery; and of course, after what had taken place, we did not propose to call Hornby for the defence. The evidence for the crown consisted, therefore, on the day of trial, of the testimony of persons acquainted with Hornby's signature, that the acceptance across the inculpated bill was not in his handwriting. Burton's behavior at the bank, in endeavoring to repossess himself of the bill by violence, was of course detailed, and told heavily against him.

All the time this testimony was being given, Hornby sat on one of the front seats of the crowded court, exulting in the visible accomplishment of his Satanic device. We could see but little of his face, which supported on his elbow, was partially concealed by a handkerchief he held in his hand; but I, who narrowly observed him, could occasionally discern flashes from under his pent brows—revealments of the fierce struggle which raged within.

The moment at last arrived for the prisoner, whose eyes had been for some time fixed on Hornby, to speak or read his defence, and a breathless silence prevaded the court.

Burton started at the summons like a man unexpectedly called to a sense of an imperious but, for the moment forgotten, duty.

"James Hornby!" he suddenly cried, with a voice which rang through the assembly like a trumpet, "stand up, and if you can face an innocent man."—

Hornby, surprised out of his self-possession, mechanically obeyed the strange order, sprang involuntarily springing to his feet, let fall the handkerchief that had partially concealed his features, and nervously confronted the prisoner.

"Look at me, I say," continued Burton, with increasing excitement; and as you hope to escape the terrors of the last judgment, answer truly: did you not, with your own hand, and in my presence, sign that bill?"——

"This cannot be permitted," interrupted the judge.

"If you do not speak," proceeded the prisoner, heedless of the intimation of the bench; "or if you deny the truth, my life, as sure as there is a God in heaven, will be required at your hands. If, in consequence of your devilish plotting, these men consign me to a felon's grave, I shall not be cold in it when you will be calling upon the mountains to fall and cover you from the vengeance of the Judge of heaven and earth! Speak, man—save me, save your own soul from mortal peril, whilst there is yet time for mercy and repentance!"

Hornby's expression of surprise and confusion had gradually changed during this appeal to its usual character of dogged impassibility. He turned calmly and appealingly towards the bench.

"You need not answer these wild adjurations, Mr. Hornby," said the judge, as soon as he could make himself heard.

A smile curled the fellow's lip as he bowed deferentially to his lordship, and he sat down without uttering a syllable.

"May the lord, then, have mercy on my soul!" exclaimed the prisoner solemnly. Then glancing at the bench and jury-box, he added, "And you, my lord and gentlemen, work your will with my body as quickly as you may: I am a lost man!"

The calling of witnesses to character, the opening of the judge's charge, pointing from its first sentence to a conviction, elicited no further manifestation of feeling from the prisoner: he was as calm as despair.

The judge had been speaking for perhaps ten minutes, when a bustle was heard at the hall, as if persons were striving to force their way into the body of the court in spite of the resistance of the officers.

"Who is that disturbing the court?" demanded the judge, angrily.

"For the love of heaven let me pass!" we heard uttered in passionate tones by a female voice. "I must and will see the judge!"

"Who can this be?" I inquired, addressing Mr. Symonds.

"I cannot conceive," he replied; "surely not Mrs. Burton?"

I had kept my eye, as I spoke, upon Hornby, and noticed that he exhibited extraordinary emotion at the sound of the voice, to whomsoever it belonged, and was now endeavoring to force his way through the crowded and anxious auditory.

"My lord," said I, "I have to request on the part of the prisoner, that the person desirous of admittance may be heard."

"What has she to say? Or if a material witness, why have you not called her at the proper time?" replied his lordship with some irritation.

"My lord, I do not even know her name; but in a case involving the life of the prisoner, it is imperative that no chance be neglected"——

"Let the woman pass into the witness-box," interrupted the judge.

The order brought before our eyes a pale, stunted woman, of about fifty years of age," whose excited and by no means unintellectual features, and hurried, earnest manner, seemed to betoken great and unusual feeling.

"As I'm alive, Hornby's deformed housekeeper!" whispered Symonds. "This poor devil's knot will be unravelled yet."

The woman, whose countenance and demeanor, as she gave her evidence, exhibited a serious, almost solemn intelligence, deposed to the following effect:—

"Her name was Mary M'Grath, and she was the daughter of Irish parents, but born and brought up in England. She had been Mr. Hornby's housekeeper, and remembered well the 4th of February last, when Mr. Burton, the prisoner, called at the house. Witness was dusting in an apartment close to her master's business-room, from which it was only separated by a thin wooden partition. The door was partly open, and she could see as well as hear what was going on without being seen herself. She heard the conversation between the prisoner and her master; heard Mr. Hornby agree to sign the paper—bill she ought to say—for two hundred and fifty pounds; saw him do it, and then deliver it folded up to Mr. Burton."

A shout of execration burst from the auditory as these words were uttered, and every eye was turned to the spot where Hornby had been seated. He had disappeared during the previous confusion.

"Silence!" exclaimed the judge, sternly. "Why, woman," he added, "have you never spoken of this before?"

"Because, my lord," replied the witness with downcast looks, and in a low broken voice—"because I am a sinful, wicked creature. When my master, the day after Mr. Burton had been taken up, discovered that I knew his secret, he bribed me with money and great promises of more to silence. I had been nearly all my life, gentlemen, poor and miserable, almost an outcast and the temptation was too strong for me. He mistrusted me, however—for my mind, he saw, was sore troubled—and he sent me off to London yesterday, to be out of the way till all was over. The coach stopped at Leeds, and, as it was heavy upon me, I thought, especially as it was the blessed Easter-time, that I would step to the chapel. His holy name be praised that I did! The scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and I saw clearer than I had before the terrible wickedness I was committing. I told all to the priest, and he has brought me here to make what amends I can for the sin and cruelty of which I have been guilty. There—there is all that is left of the wages of crime," she added, throwing a purse of money on the floor of the court; and then bursting into a flood of tears, she exclaimed with passionate earnestness, "for which may the Almighty of his infinite mercy pardon and absolve me!"

"Amen! responded the deep husky voice of the prisoner, snatched back, as it were, from the very verge of the grave to liberty and life. "Amen, with all my soul!"

The counsel for the crown cross-examined the witness, but his efforts only brought out her evidence in, if possible, a still clearer and more trustworthy light. Not a thought of doubt was entertained by any person in the court, and the jury, with the alacrity of men relieved of a grievous burthen, and without troubling the judge to resume his interrupted charge, returned a verdict of acquittal.

The return of Burton to his home figured as an ovation in the Pool and Otley annals. The greetings which met him on all sides were boisterous and hearty, as English greetings usually are; and it was with some difficulty the rustic constabularly could muster a sufficient force to save Hornby's domicile from sack and destruction. All the windows were, however, smashed, and that the mob felt was something at all events.

Burton profited by the painful ordeal to which he had, primarily through his own thoughtlessness, been exposed, and came in a few years to be regarded as one of the most prosperous yeomen-farmers of Yorkshire. Mr. Frank Symonds' union with Elizabeth Burton was in due time solemnized; Mr. Wilberforce, the then popular member for the West Riding, I remember hearing, stood sponser to their eldest born; and Mary M'Grath passed the remainder of her life in the service of the family her testimony had saved from disgrace and ruin.

Mr. James Hornby disappeared from Yorkshire immediately after the trial, and, except through his business agents, was not again heard of till the catastrophe at the Brunswick theatre, where he perished. He died penitent, after expressing to Mr. Frank Symonds, for whom he had sent, his deep sorrow for the evil deed he had planned, and, but for a merciful interposition, would have accomplished. As a proof of the sincerity of his repentance, he bequeathed the bulk of his property to Mrs. Symonds, the daughter of the man he had pursued with such savage and relentless hate!

THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

On the south bank of the river Esk, at its confluence with the German Ocean, and immediately opposite the picturesque and thriving town of Montrose stands the fishing village of Ferryden. Some seventy years ago, there dwelt in one of its little huts a young fisherman and his wife, remarkable alike for their sober and industrious habits and idomitable spirit of perseverence. They began the world with no capital, and roughed its thorny paths with few friends; but, as their cares multiplied, new fields were opened up for the employment of their industrial skill, and new sources were successfully cultivated, under circumstances of the most remarkable and encouraging kind.

In those days, few of the fisherman on the east coast of Scotland would venture beyond what was technically called the "rock-fit,"—in other words, the seashore,—for fishing; but our hero of the oar, in the present case, was ill at ease under such limitation. He had frequently met with a number of Dutch fisherman, who used to take shelter with their "busses," or fishing crafts, in the harbor of Stonehaven, and from these he learned that about ten or fifteen miles off lay the "Dutch" as well as the "Dogger Bank,"—a mountain in the deep, stretching from the Orkney Islands to the harbor, where there was an abundant supply of all kinds of fish, from the tiny sprat to the bottled-nose whale. Animated by a strong desire to explore this mine, and having now saved a few pounds, the reward of industry and economy, a half-decked boat was purchased, rigged out after the smack fashion, and fitted with all the appointments of the deep-sea fishery.—In this enterprise he was joined by a few more daring spirits, and taking with him one of his boys, set out on the evening of a fine summer day to try the adventure. The effort succeeded. Fish of a larger size, of a greater variety, and finer quality, were thenceforth landed in Ferryden, and the market returns in money and provisions (fish being then sold by barter) were of the most profitable character. But he was not satisfied with the result of this experiment. The risks were great, and the returns, though good, not equivalent to the tear and wear of the service. By accident, the attention of the young fisherman was called to the cod and ling fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland, and he felt a strong desire to draw something from the treasure of that wintry deep. This project necessarily involved considerable additional expense. But "where there's a will there's a way," and so it was in the present case, for, in a few months, a fine sloop was got ready, an experienced crew of fishers engaged, and, in less than six months from the time the project was formed, the most sanguine expectations of its promotors were realized. By and by, our fisherman became a sailor, and the sailor became an owner, until he both owned and commanded, in the coasting trade, one of the smartest and tidiest little crafts that sailed from the port of Montrose.

In all these adventures, the boy Joseph was engaged. He toiled with his father at the oar of the fishing-boat and at the helm of his sailing vessel. He was a willing boy, and inherited all the spirit and perseverence of his parents. But it was not the wish of his parents that Joseph should continue at the sea, and, having removed from Ferryden to Montrose, he was sent to school, to learn at least the elements of a common education. While at school, Joseph discovered remarkable genius for the mathematics, an aptitude for languages, and was always characterized by an idomitable spirit of perseverance and self-will. Near to the residence of his parents, who lived in a plain but substantial and comfortably-furnished old-fashioned house in Murray street, a worthy burgess carried on business under the sign of the "pestle and mortar," to whom Joseph was apprenticed as a druggist, somewhat, we understand, against his will. While engaged in the faithful discharge of the duties and the drudgery of this apprenticeship, he conceived the idea of becoming some day or other a great man; and then it was that he gave himself up to study, choosing for his *sanctum* the attic room of his father's house, and for his motto "perseveverance." Early and late he toiled at his books, and, in a few years, was one of the best informed and most devoted disciples of Esculapius of which the north of Scotland could boast.

Availing himself of the advantages which the medical school of Edinburgh afforded, he spent some time in that city, qualifying for the degree of "surgeon," and having at length obtained his diploma, the patronage of a gentleman in the country of great influence in high quarters was promised in his behalf. Time passed, and Joseph had to realize the truth that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" but, at last throwing himself entirely on his own resources, he pushed his way forward, and got an appointment, or rather a footing, in the medical staff of the East India Company. When in India Joseph's talents as a linguist soon attracted observation, and, in the course of a few years, he found the office of "interpreter" far more lucrative, and much more safe and comfortable, than that of administering medicine or splicing broken bones. From one thing to another, in his intercourse with the merchant-princes of the East, he plodded upwards and onwards, now making a trading visit to England, and anon returning to Bombay, until he gained a handsome competency, on which, at the close of the war he retired from the active commerce of desultory life.

But Joseph could not live in the quiet seclusion of his family. His temperament would not let him rest; and, having an earnest desire to benefit society, he sought a field wherein he could bring his talents and experience to bear in furtherance of the common good. Sincerely deploring the corruption which he saw prevalent in the administration of public affairs, he seized a favorable opportunity of presenting himself to a Scotch constituency, and was returned as their representative in Parliament. For twenty-nine years has the fisherman's boy enjoyed this honorable position, and he now sits in St. Stephen's as he did at first, and for many years, the representative of Montrose, his native town.

Such is a brief outline of the rise, progress, and present position of JOSEPH HUME.—*Hogg's Weekly Instructor.*

LITERARY GOSSIP FROM DENMARK.

DENMARK is really an intellectual kingdom. Education is so generally diffused by the State that it is a nation of readers, and, as a natural sequence, these readers have mental pabulum supplied them by a very strong array of native writers. The number of works issued from the Copenhagen press is very considerable, and some of them, especially gift-books and annuals, are got up in a style which would not disgrace the best London or Paris houses. The prices are moderate, and, as an instance of the comparatively immense circulation works at times attain here, I may mention that a poem of length, entitled *Den Lille Hornblæser* (the little trumpeter) by H. P. Holst, having for its subject the recent war with the duchies, was published just before my arrival, and *five thousand copies* were sold within the first fortnight.

Many of the living Danish authors are men of great talent, a few even are of brilliant genius. Foremost in the latter rank is the veteran Œhlenschlager, of whom a gentleman, whom I know to be a first-rate authority, said to me, "Sir, his tragedies are entitled to a place on the same shelf with those of Shakspeare and Schiller; and it is worth a foreigner's while to study the language, for the sole purpose of being able to appreciate Œhlenschlager." "Really," I replied, "if this is the case, it is grievous to reflect that the accident of such a language should confine the works of such a man to so limited a circle of readers. It seems to me much like giving 'to a party what was meant for mankind.'"

Nothing astonishes the Danes more than to be informed that their countryman, Hans Christian Andersen, has attained such an unrivalled popularity in England. I have conversed with many on the subject, both at Copenhagen and elsewhere, and all agree that Andersen, in their estimation, holds only a secondary place compared with some other Danish authors. Presuming this opinion to be correct, one certainly would derive a very high opinion of the genius of the authors alluded to. Andersen's countrymen do not deny that he is a highly-gifted man; nor are they insensible to his peculiar merit. All they contend for is, that his genius is essentially of a less lofty order than that of such beings as Œhlenschlager. They admit that he is a true diamond, but not a surpassingly brilliant one. At present I much regret that I have only read a little of Andersen's writings: but that little is quite sufficient to impress me with a notion that he is the Goldsmith of Denmark. I loved the man ere I had read a dozen of his pages: he is so genial, so purely child-like in his temperament, and so filled with unfeigned, heartfelt affection for his brother man. I should, for my own part, bitterly abhor any author who merely simulated sensibility; I should loathe his very name. Now I have private reason to know that Andersen is no hypocrite, but really only transfers his feelings to paper, and presents us with a sweet reflex of his own infantile, yet finely-poetical and noble nature. This it is that gives that charm to his writings which has been so universally felt. This it is which will impart unto them an enduring vitality, for human nature is the same in all ages, and, what is acknowledged to be a true transcript of it now, will be relished as keenly a thousand years hence. There can, however, be no doubt that the circumstance of Andersen's being the first Danish imaginative author introduced to the British public, has aided materially in securing him his monopoly of their esteem; and so thoroughly has he pre-occupied the field that I know for a fact that the London publishers decline to bring out works of any other Danish author on that very account.

It is also remarkable that Miss Bremer occupies the same position with regard to Sweden. She has won the first suffrages of the English people, who know not any other Swedish writer; but here publishers and critics alike smile with surprise when I tell them this, and they unanimously declare that, both in Sweden and Denmark, she is accounted only a second-rate Swedish writer. Really after all is said and done, it is enough to make one mutter something about a prophet and his own country, is it not?

I felt naturally curious to know what English writers of fiction are most read in Denmark, and I learned, from an undoubtedly reliable source, that the four favorites are Bulwer, Marryatt, Dickens, and James. The sequence of their names, as here given, indicates their relative degrees of popularity. They are all much read; and nearly all the copies bought in the original language are of the cheap but very neat edition issued by Tauchnitz, of Leipzig.

The remuneration generally given to even first-class Danish authors is very small, not one fourth so much as English writers usually get for magazine papers. We need not marvel at this when we consider the very limited public addressed. All Denmark Proper contains one million less inhabitants than London alone. But then nearly every Danish author of repute has a pension from the State, which thus nobly recognizes the claims of literature paramount, as Hume says, above all other professions whatsoever. I blush for my own mighty country, as I write this, for with all her countless wealth, England, as a State, grudgingly assigns so niggardly, so beggarly a mite for the reward and encouragement of men of genius, of literature, art, and science, that foreigners may well cry shame. When will this burning stain be wiped away? When will British legislators learn that spirit is superior to matter, that mammon will perish, but that the eliminations of God-given genius never pass away? The Crown of Denmark also frequently aids in bringing out valuable works which, from their abstruse nature, cannot, of themselves, command a remunerating sale, and consequently, but for its assistance, would remain unpublished. His late Majesty, Christian VIII., was, I believe, a munificent and discriminating patron of literature and the fine arts. A few months ago the Bishop af Copenhagen published a translation of *Ossian.*—*Tait's Magazine.*

SEA-SICKNESS.

——"BE thankful and rejoice that you are not sent forth from your comfortable home to plough the Deep in search of *health* and find *sea-sickness*.

I had foolishly flattered myself that I knew what it was, but found myself sadly mistaken; it means—as far as my experience goes—nausea without throwing up; incessant straining until your throat, and chest, and stomach are sore; loss of the use of your limbs and lungs; not even the power to move when placed in one position, and consequently intense aching of your bones; agonizing headache, as though your brain were laid bare, and quivered at noise, which was incessant: forty sailors with boots an inch thick running over head day and night pulling ropes; a feeling of suffocation as you lay in your narrow berth and imagine you are in your coffin; an intense longing for your home, which appears to you through a long dark distance, like a bright star, and just as unattainable; sleepless nights during which you write letters home telling all your feelings, hoping none you love will ever have to *go to sea;* wondering why it has never been adopted as a 'capital punishment' instead of 'hanging;' all these and many other thoughts until you fancy nature can hold out no longer,—when you are told *land* is in sight! You are carried up on deck expecting to see it. A *cloud* is pointed out—which the captain pronounces to be land. The first pleasureable sensation you have is when you see Holyhead with its Light-house and know there are other human beings in the world beside yourselves."—*Extract of a Letter Communicated for the Standard.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A PENSION of £100 a year has just been bestowed